

DEATH'S VISION

<sup>K</sup>  
REPRESENTED

In A

PHILOSOPHICAL,

SACRED

POEM.

*Omnes Una manet Nox,*

*Et Calcanda semel Via Lethi.*

-----*Aut Ego Letho*

*Aut Scripto Quod me Tacitum juvet.*-----

By M<sup>r</sup>

Hor.  
Reignolds.

L O N D O N :

Printed for Thomas Parkbust in Cheapside, John Lawrence in the Poultry, John Clerk in the Old Change, and William Taylor in Pauls Church-Yard 1709.

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POEM.



Given to the British Museum

the 18th Feb

the 18th Feb 1800

By M. R. Reynolds

LONDON

Printed for Thomas Telford at the Old Change  
and in the Strand near the Old Change  
and in the Strand near the Old Change



of Debauchery and Vice; that, while it is  
 that Religion Aggravates a Fault, yet that it will be  
 of it, and that it will be of it, and that it will be

will Religion Aggravates a Fault, yet that it will be  
 of it, and that it will be of it, and that it will be  
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 of it, and that it will be of it, and that it will be

**T**IS Satyr has lately been All-a-mode. 'Tis that, the  
 Age is thought to Deserve. In that Spirit and Style have  
 we had Poets and Poems Encountring each other. 'Tis a No-  
 ble End indeed, that sort of Poetry proposes, Reformation.  
 But considering the Modern Springs and Ingredients of it, ill  
 Nature and ill Manners, I fear it is more likely to foment,  
 what it pretends to Reform. It has been sufficiently prov'd  
 both by Argument and some Example, that Sacred History  
 and Subjects are various and Rich enough to furnish out  
 Eminent and Lofty Poems. 'Tis Pity then, so Noble a Fa-  
 culty, as the Poetical one (which possibly was the Offspring,  
 or, at least the Companion of Inspiration) should be Basely  
 Prostituted, as in most Ages it has been, to the Service

of Debauchery and Vice; And, that, while 'tis pleaded, that Religion Aggrandizes a Poem, yet those Poets shou'd be chiefly Applauded and Voted, whose sole use of Religion, in their Compositions, is to Undermine and Lampoon it. And will Religion Advance and Reform our Poetry, and will not Philosophy do so too? Will not that by Infalible Steps Lead us up to Religion, and to the Grand Author and Object of it? Especially, since Old Mechanism is Discarded, and the New one must needs be resolv'd into the Wise and free Constitution of an Almighty Agent. Sir Isaac Newton's Universal Law of Gravitation must needs depend upon the Arbitrary Appointment of a most Wise Architect. Mr. Whiston Frankly Confesses, that several Phenomena in our World, owe their Being to Divine Establishment and Counsel. And Mr. Keil (of Oxford) reckons that mere Mechanism will not account for the Deluge, and for the Disposal of all that Mass of Water again. Since then these Laws of Motion, founded on Boundless Wisdom, and Arbitrary Determination, reach to all things we see, and converse with, justly may Appeal be made to the Phenomena of Heaven and Earth, for Demonstration of Divine Existence and Perfection.

Infanientis Gens Sapientiae

Addicta Mentem Erroribus impijs,

*The Preface.*

Tot Luce flammarum Coruseum

Cerne Oculis, Animaq; Cælum!

Hinc Disce prudens quam fuit Artifex,

Qui Tempia Olympi fornice flammeo

Suspendit, et terræ Capacem

Et pelagi Sinuavit Arcum.

Is it not wonder then, that among the numerous Subjects, that are Elaborately Sung, Philosophy in a Philosophical Age (and so Philosophical, that such Problems have been Resolv'd, and Discoveries made, as no Ages are known to have been blest with before) shou'd be no more Cultivated by the Sons of the Muses? What! is Philosophy so Barren a Soil? or is it too Stubborn to yield to those Notional flights, that are not Govern'd by Matter and Motion? or are the two Genus's, of the Philosopher and Poet, too Widely distant to be Consistent? Certainly there had been a more Easy Conjunction of'em, had our Poets been furnish'd with as much Philosophy, as Philosophers have with Strength of Imagination and Fancy. Or has the Ruggedness and Antique Dress of Dr. Henry More's Philosophical Essays Discourag'd others from attempting any thing in the like Kind? 'Tis true such Matter is Restive, Refractory and Unpolish-



Unpolishable Enough. Not like the Philosopher's *Materia Prima*, Susceptive of all, Especially Vivid Forms. 'Tis Unactive, Heavy and Dull; Refuses, Ordinarily, that Metaphorical Cloathing, those turns of Fancy and Wit, that almost Essentiate a Poem, and Accommodate it to Sprightly minds. With Stubborn Matter, must Philosophical Terms and Mechanical Language be Employ'd, which are reckon'd Contradictions to the Sweetness and Softness of Poetry; and are, usually, as Insignificant and Insipid to the Men of Air and Wit, as they themselves are wont to be to those of Philosophical Thought and Study. The Consideration of the necessity of Introducing here such Novel, Uncouth words and Diction, seems to have afforded Discouragement even to Lucretius himself.

Lucret.  
Lib. 1.

Nec me Animi fallit, Graiorum obscura reperta

Difficile inlustrare Latinis versibus Esse.

(Multa Novis verbis præsertim cum sit Agendum)

Propter Egestatem Lingux et Rerum Novitatem.

But 'tis to be suppos'd, that those Difficulties and Discouragements may be either Conquer'd or Compensated by the true Poetical Genius and Wit, that cannot be so, by one that can pretend to neither. And, methinks, 'twas a Noble path,  
for

*The Preface.*

for Matter and Tendency, that, That Philosophical Doctor  
trod; tho', since that, Trac'd by so few.

Such, to be sure, was the primitive object of Poesy.  
What else must be the Subject of Angelical Celebrations and  
Songs, upon laying the Foundations of the World, but the  
Vastness, the Harmonious Laws and Beauty of the Creation?  
What Else so much Employs and Delights the truly Inspir'd  
Poets on Earth? Who laid the Foundations of the  
Earth, or Founded it upon its Bases, or Axes; Who Co-  
ver'd it with the Deep, as with a Garment &c. Is the  
Song of the Royal Bard of Israel. Or in Ovids Language,

-----Circumfuso pendebat in Aere Tellus,

Ponderibus Librata suis.-----

Or -----Stat nullo mobilis Aëro

*Buchan.  
Psal. 104.*

Terra, super solidæ nitens fundamina molis,

Pollenti Stabilita Manu.-----

Accordingly our Cowley Represents the Sacred  
Students in the Schools of the Prophets Employ'd both in  
Investigating the Mysteries of Nature, and Celebrating them  
in their Daily Songs of Devotion.

They Sung how God spake out the World's vast Ball,

From Nothing and from No-where call'd forth all;

From

*The Preface*

From hence the Cheerfull flame leapt up so High,  
Close at his Heels the Nimble Air did fly;  
Dull Earth with its own weight did Downward pierce,  
To the fix'd Navel of the Universe. &c.-----

*Nay, when he has brought his Hero to the King of  
Moab's Court, he thinks it meet to Entertain him and his  
Company there with Physiological Music and Poetry.*

Whilst Melchor to his Harp with Wond'rous Skill,  
(For such were Poets then, and shou'd be still)  
His Noble Verse thro' Natures Secrets Lead,  
He Sung what Spirit thro' the whole Mass is Spread,  
Every where all; How Heavens Gods Law approve,  
And think it Rest Eternally to Move. &c.-----

*For which he had the Example and thereby the Autho-  
rity of the Great, Heroic Poet of Mantua, who Provides  
the like Treat of Natural Philosophy for his Aeneas at the  
Court of Carthage.*

Citharâ



Citharâ Crinitus Jopas

Personat auratâ, docuit quæ maximus Atlas;

Hic Canit Errantem Lunam, Solisq; Labores

Unde Hominum Genus et Pecudes.

Nor is Lucretius wont to be Upbraided by the Learned with any incongruity in taking the Assistance of the Muse (tho Venus is by him Invok'd, and perhaps, suitably enough to that sort of Philosophy he wou'd Recommend) in Usbering his Epicurean System into the World. Nor has he been thought Unworthy an Elaborate, Modern Translation. Perhaps, 'twas reckon'd needfull, that, that Infansiens Sapientia (as Horace calls it) that Mad Philosophy, shou'd be Recommended by Poetry, that cou'd not by severer Logic and Reason. I Remember a Learned Person Judges it had ne're Liv'd so long as it did, had not the Poet so adorn'd and dress'd it. Neq; Equidem Dubito (says Dr. Sam. Parker) quin Epicurea Philosophia longe antehac prorsus neglecta, et abjecta fuerat, Eam nisi Ipse (Lucretius Sc.) quem nemo forte et Majestate, et Lepore Affecutus est, tam præclari Poematis Argumentum fecisset. And it might well Administer Occasion and Reason to a Baptis'd Poet to Sing a better Philosophy to a better End;

Gens

*The Preface*

*Gens Nescia veri*

*Ut Residem, longaq; Animum Caligine, Merfum  
Attollat Cælo, et flammantia mænia Mundi  
Dum stupet, et vicibus remeantia Tempora Certis,  
Auctorem Agnoscat. &c.*

But yet as much Authority and Precedent as there is, in General, for Introducing such matter into Poetical Measures, the Author of what here Ensues, had form'd no such Design in Meditating this System of Rhymes. Solitary Diversion and Entertainment was his Aim, in giving Vent to some Affected (and suppos'd, Melancholy) Musings upon a Subject that seem'd at Diverse Seasons, Incontestably Approaching. 'Twas Written therefore, for the most part, in very Debilitated, Languid Circumstances, when He could have as Little Hope, as Design, to Please any Body else. Yet sometimes, in Better intervals, a New Book, and New Discoveries have occasion'd some New Intersections.

The Composure, such as 'tis, the Author calls a Poem, because 'tis more fetter'd with Measure and Rhyme, than Prose is wont to be. Not that he pretends to Understand the just Rules of a Poem, or either the Demands or Bounds of the Pindaric Liberty. Philosophical too he calls it, because (tho' in the first Design, He intend'd not so much Philosophy, yet) upon Review, He finds Physiological Notion and Phenomena,

Phænomena, for a Considerable way, Rehears'd, and Reported. Nor Presuming, in the mean Time, (nor supposing, that any one can justly think He cou'd presume) to supply one of the Desiderata in the Learned World. Nor knowing indeed (till by Late Information, since this Essay enter'd the Press) that a Philosophical Poem was accounted such. Nor knowing at all, that such a Performance was Committed to, or Requested of Sir Richard Blackmore, as now He finds in the Familiar Letters, that pass'd between Mr. Lock and some of his Friends. p. 218. 219. Nor can Sir Richard, or any other Poet account himself, by such a Foreign and Feigned Attempt as this, either Really, or Designedly Precluded such a Requested Service, when he shall think fit to present the Philosophical World with it. And Sacred too, the Author calls it, because He intended (tho' he may fall short of his Intention) by Contemplating and Rehearsing some of the Creator's Works, to Raise in himself (and now, if it may be, to Conciliate from others) some Veneration for his incomparable Power and Greatness.

Philosophy has sometime been call'd *Meditatio Mortis*, The Contemplation and Study of Death; According to that Account of it, it becomes and concerns all to be Philosophers. The Contemplation of Death, in a Dying World, will always be necessary and therefore seasonable. But little did the Author imagine (when he first Committed this Vision to the Press) that it shou'd Accompany such a Mourning Season as this, wherein Distant Kingdoms are call'd to Lament  
the



the Fall of so Illustrious a Prince; and wherein not Great Britain only, but the Reformed and the Confederate Worlds are Summon'd to Sympathize with Afflicted Majesty in Bemoaning the Insupportable Loss of the Delightfull Royal Consort. Subjects, so be sure, are Alarm'd to turn their Thoughts and Amusements towards Death's Uncontroulable Power, when it Arrests Princes themselves, and Robs Crown and Head, and Bosoms of their Peculiar Loves and Hopes.

Tho' the Prospect, as in the State here suppos'd, may be Term'd Death's Vision, yet it need not thence be Concluded to be altogether Visionary; It being Rational enough to suppose, that Departed Spirits have a much Larger View of the World's Fabric and Economy, than here, in Flesh, they cou'd attain to. Their Journey thro' the Aerial Regions (which way soever they Tend) one wou'd Think, must necessarily afford it them. We are sure too, The Creator will Reap but a very Inconsiderable Revenue of Admiration and Praise on the Account of such Stupendous Works (which were also Designedly rais'd for his Glory) if, in the State that Succeeds Death, they shall be no better understood than they are now. It is just enough also to suppose, that it is Design'd, that Good Souls shou'd be Transported at the Views they shall then have, even in that Glass, of the Grandeur and Majesty of that God, whom they have Lov'd and Serv'd, and to whom they are then going; And that Unrighteous ones, shou'd then be Asham'd, Terrify'd and Confounded to see what

is the Wisdom and Power they would not before Regard, what are the Astonishing Works they would not in Due Time Consider; or would as Wisfully as Foolishly impute to Nonsensical Mechanism or Blundering Chance; and what is the Unlimited Glory and Strength and Honour of that God, to whom they would not Bow, and to whom, neither by these Mighty Works, nor by the Importunate Gospel of his Son, they would be Persuaded to be Reconcil'd.

On several Accounts, Considerations enow present themselves to allay the Vanity of expecting many Perusers. The very Title, born in the Frontispiece, will go near to affright and appall our Wits and Beau's, almost as much as the near Approaches of the Subject it self. The Sceptic and Hobbist, will soon meet with that, that he'l Treat with a Disdainfull Leer and Pish. Other Subjects and Titles will afford a more agreeable Relish to such Palates. A Satyr against Virtue, A Dithyrambique, A Trip to Hell, or a Visit paid to the Devil, will yield them more Delicious Entertainment. So fond they are of playing with Names and Scenes, that would strike Terror into well-advis'd Minds. Well! Let them Laugh if they please, while I wish (or pray) they may never feel the Fury and Hideousness of that Hellish Prince, whose Name and Being they turn to Drollery and Joke. They that shall find, by Dreadfull, unexpected Experience that there is a just and Terrible God, will find by like Experience too, that there is an Unjust, Terrible Devil (the Great Executioner of Divine Wrath) that will ungratefully Upbraid and

Torment them for all the Impisties he has drawn 'em to; and will be severely meet with them for all the Contempt and Scorn they have cast even on his Being and Power.

The Critic too, will spy enough for him to Exercise his Skill upon in the Diction, Measures, Disproportion'd Stanzas, Prolixity and Interspersed Obscurities. As to which last, the Author hopes, that the Philosopher will Forgive, that for the sake of some, less vers'd in such Studies, some Notes are added, and some Pages quoted, (where the Philosophical Hints may be, by any Young Enquirer, further Consulted) which to have been done for his sake, wou'd have been both Presuming, and Impertinent. Upon other Accounts, the Author has no Apology to make. Has as little Ambition for, as Merit of, the Name of a Poet. Thinks not the Valuable Name due to every one, that, perhaps, once in a Life-time, has Compos'd it may be, a Prolix Copy of Verses; and besides knows no Venerable Name in the Philosophical or Poetical World, to whose Patronage and Protection he may Commit this Essay of his. And so must be Content that it, as well as himself, submit to the Dominion of its own Subject; and fall by the Inexorable Hand of that Ghastly Power it Aims to Describe.

But if, before its Death, the Weary Virtuoso shou'd be, by it, in any Measure Diverted; if the Young Academic shou'd be any whit assist'd to Remember those more noted Phenomena of Nature, that either are acknowledg'd Unaccountable



Unaccountable, or that our Theorists are Aiming to Account for; If any of the Newtonian Discoveries shou'd be (as it is meet they shou'd be) more Familiariz'd, and Divulg'd for the Honour of that Great Name; If the Poet shall be invited to Travel and Survey the Modern Philosophical World, so much a Terra Incognita to the Muses. (The Author can scarce tell how to add, if the Philosopher shall be excited to Cultivate the Poetical Genius, for as Great an Admirer as he is of the true Genuine Poet, yet he has not Zeal enough for his Skill, to invite the Severer Student to Lavish out Time upon such an Ainy Accomplishment; but especially) if the Philosopher shall be Allur'd to Venerate and Applaud that Lofty Power and Wisdom, whose Attchievements he is Perussing, or if any Fellow-Valetudinary shall be instigated to Serious, sutable Reflexions on the Change this King of Terrors will quickly make, and on the Amazing, Awfull Prospect be will in a few Days hence, afford to our Extricated Souls, The Author will be Abundantly Compensated for Exposing any thing of his, in this Kind, to Public Inspection and Censure.

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Regeneration. By a Divine of the Church of England.

DEATH'S  
VISION,  
A  
POEM.

---



COME Gentle Ghost that's Lanch'd & Gone  
From Coasts of Dull Mortalitie,  
That's well Arriv'd, & Entertain'd as one  
Of the Triumphant Colonie,  
That Stocks the Regions of the Blest Eternitie,  
Come Ease my Burden'd Mind and tell  
What 'tis To Bid the World Farewell;  
What 'tis to Abandon all that's Dear,  
My Hopes and Joys Below,  
My Friends and Studies too,  
And All my KNOWN Converses Here;

A



---

*A Prospect of Death.*

---

Oh! Tell, what 'tis to Take a Flight  
Beyond the Changes of Revolving Light,  
To Worlds I never saw,  
Worlds of Wonder, and of Awe,  
Or fill'd with Solid Glory, or with Solid Night!  
Come, Candid Spirit, Haste, and Fly,  
And (if thou can'st Declare,  
And I the News can Bear )  
Come, Tell me what it is to Die.

II.

Oh! say what will Become of me,  
When Monumental Cold shall seize  
This Organized Cask, and Freez  
It's Active Pow'rs and Faculties !  
In what Mysterious Plight shall I then Be  
When Life's weak Lamp, that now these years has shone,

Shall be Extinct and Gone;  
And when the *Primigenial* Fire  
That Bade the Pulse Keep Time and Beat,  
And strike the Moments of its Heat,  
Shall Languish and Expire.  
When these soft Bellows too, that so  
Unweariedly do Blow,  
Are Working Day and Night,  
To fan, and to foment the Wasting Light,  
Shall all Unmechaniz'd, and all Unactive grow;  
Shall all their Toilsome Labour spare,  
And play no more with swelling gales of Intercurrent Air  
And when the Purple, Viral Flood,  
That Drives the Wheels and Keeps the Bellows going  
Always Swelling, Always Blowing,  
That never yet has stood,  
A meer *Mæotis* shall be found,

Forget its Beaten Trace,  
Be Weary of its Native Pace,  
I And Run no more its Long-accustom'd Hasty Round.



III

Alas! What shall poor I become,  
When all the Ministers of Sense,  
The Posts of Quick Intelligence,  
Shall march no more from Home!  
Shall neither tell the Affairs Abroad,  
Nor their Domestick News bring in,  
Being Slain upon the Road,  
Dispatch no more Advices to the Mind within!  
When nimble Spies that were  
So Ready to Detect from Far,  
Shall be Cashier'd their Office quite,



No Sprightly Images Restore,  
And Busily converse no more  
With the Unnumber'd Offspring of Reflected Light;  
When the Deaf Drum shall not Rebound,  
And Trumpet's Winding Space  
Shall modulate no more a needfull Sound,  
To' Alarum or Allure the Regent of the Place;  
When the Perceptive *Hammer* shall not Know  
It's Practice, nor Consign Prescribed Blow  
Unto the Wonted *Anvil* there, and so  
No more shall in the Son'orous Forge be Coin'd  
The airy Medalls of a Speaking Mind;  
When the Officious Guards that wait  
Their Duty at the Palace-Gate,  
Still Girt to Execute Commands,  
Or Embassy to Feet or Hands,

Shall be Disbanded from their Coasts,  
 And Hurry' away from their attended Posts,  
 Or Stupid sink, unable to Disclose

Occurring Friends or Foes;

3 When the Rich Palace with it's Tower on High

(The Sacred Microcosm's Court,

Where now Idea's of all Qualities Resort)

Shall Fall, and in its Fatal Ruins Lie;

When the Bright Regent, fear'd by this Decay,

Shall take Her Forc'd Relenting Flight away

From Her Old-Tenanted, inhospitable Clay.

#### IV.

Then in what shape will Death Appear?

What alter'd Apprehensions will he Bring?

Death! that has often walk'd so near

In Grandeur of a Proud, Remorseless King!  
The Hect'oring Ghost, at whose Black Triumphs gain'd,

I have so oft been Entertain'd!  
Whose Breathless Trophies, Scatter'd all Around,  
Have so Augmented, and Enrich'd the Ground!

Dread Heav'n's Insatiate Minister, that still

Is Eager and Impatient to Fulfil

His Bloody, Old Commission, *Slay and Kill!*

That has Past Ages into Darkness hurl'd,

And still Dispeoples the Succeeding World;

Death, the Unceasing Sting, and Future Bane

Of all the Galled Guilty and Prophan!

The Undisturb'd Retreat, the Immortal Ease

Of Wash'd, and Undeiled Consciences!

Sworn Enemy to all that's Brave and Bright!

Sole Usher to the World of Joys and Light!



Death! the Strange Finite, Uncreated Thing!

The Absolute, the Poor, Precarious King!

The Potent, Metaphysic Shade, which All

The Learned will but mere *Privation* call!

Great Sovereign! who Exalts his Subjects most!

Yet Tramples them to Silence and to Dust!

The Legal Monarch! whose just Pow'r and Throne

Is Founded in Unrighteousness alone!

Whose Rightful Claims to Oppose with stiff Defence

Is Sacred Duty and Allegiance.

Thou Crafty Foe! whose Unexampled Pow'r

Could Wound and Slay ev'n thine own Conquerour!

Tyranic Fool too! who by hast'ning so

To Lov'd, Repeated Victories,

New Triumphs and Solemnities,

Art Posting still to thine own Overthrow!

The Greatest Captive thou cou'dst ever Boast,

Whose Life in Conquering Thee was Lost,  
Whom more thy Growing Pride oppress,  
More Bruis'd, and Morify'd than all the Rest,  
Will Come ere Long, in Grandeur come to see  
Himself and all his Friends Reveng'd on Thee;  
Will Grind thy Bones, and Break thy Masters Head,  
And thou that boast a World of Life, shalt ever then be Dead.

Ah me! Kind Spirit, that's march'd Above!  
What will Death's Passion, Pow'r, and Conquest Prove?  
What will Befall me, when these Corps shall Lie  
A Prostrate Victim to his Sovereignty?  
Whither, O Whither shall I flee  
When once his Greedy Stroke is Past?

To what strange Climate shall I Haste?

And what then shall I Be?

How shall I Act? what shall I Do?

What Wonders shall I see?

What Scenes and Worlds will then be open'd to my View?

My View! with what Amazement Press'd,

To see my self Stript Naked and Undress'd!

Stript of that Garb, that I shou'd always Wear,

Had not Transgression entred There;

The Native Garb, which the Creator's Mind

As Half of Compound-self Design'd.

What start will shake me, at Surprise,

To see an Uncompounded self Arise!

To see, what 'tis, will then Leap out Alive,

A Novel self that must my self Survive!

This Indivisible, Extended Point,

oT

That



That Scatters Life thro' every Joint !  
That while it Sits, and Reigns on High,  
To Lowest Office Condescends,  
From Head to Foot, from Hand to Eye,  
Quick Errands and Dispatches sends !  
That Guides at once, the Head and Heart,  
Be'ing All in All, and All in every Part !  
The Intellectual, Vital Flame,  
That Cold, and Dormant Lies,  
Is Thoughtless struck, and Dies  
By the Untun'd Contexture of the' Unthinking Frame ?  
Essential Thought ! That can pure Light Commence,  
Can clear Ideas Join,  
Divide, Review, Refine,  
Run Round Imagination's Line,  
Lock'd up Close Prisoner by the Ministers of Sense ?

Kind

Kind Immaterial Form, that quick Receives

Material Laws our Mechanism Gives!

Dependent Life, that Independent Lives!

Proteus! That Varies to all Shapes at Will,

Assumes all Figures, that submit

To Test of Mathematic Wit,

Yet Incorporeal Stands, and Shapeless Still!

Strange Wanderer, that Loves to Roam

Thro' Earth, and Seas and Stars, yet stays at Home!

2 Celestial Spark, that Band and Cement Flies,

Yet Bound by Fumes, and Slavish Sympathies!

That Shou'd by Int'rest, and by Nature move

Tow'rd the Unconfin'd, Congenious Realms above,

Yet Fondly, 'midst its Numerous Cracks, and Storms,

Still Craves the Crazy Cabin It Informs,

Substantial Mystery, that Knows

Exotic Beings Well ;

But what it is, How Acts, and Does,

Is to it self all Unconceivable !

VI.

But now Arriv'd at Forreign Land,

How mute and Hov'ring shall I stand,

Struck thro' with Various Fright !

Not Knowing what to Do,

Nor whither I me to Go,

Nor How to Spring an Unembodied Flight !

Won't ev'n a Smart Resentment Rise

At those, whose Decent Art

Performs the Last Obliging Part,

In Sealing up the Lips and Eyes ?

D

Resentment ?



Resentment? That Unfriendly They  
Wou'd Studiously prevent my Stay,  
Or my Essay'd Return into the Cooling Clay?  
Or will some Friendly Ghost be Near,  
By Sympathizing Kindness Brought,  
By Late Experience Taught  
His Following Brethren to Relieve and Cheer?  
What Forreign Garb will He Prepare  
To Cloath a Naked Stranger There?  
To Dress me for the World where I must Dwell?  
Or Carve Thick Night and Darkness Palpable,  
A Sultry, Smoaking Vehicle,  
The Gloomy Robes of Death and Hell!  
Robes ever Unconsum'd, that are  
The Badges of Confusion and Despair!  
Or, by Divine Commission Frame

1. **Ethereal Vesture for a Ghost,**

**Strait Bound for the Celestial Coast,**

**Cut out of Orient Azure ting'd with Lambent Flame?**

**The Temporary Garb, that only may**

**A while Supply and Indicate**

**The Office of the Sublimated Clay,**

**When Rais'd to Glory and Immortal State!**

**Or, Rather will some Cherub Stand,**

**By special Office charg'd at Hand,**

**( Long skill'd in this Deep Exercise, )**

**To Learn me Immaterial Mysteries?**

**Will he with Charming Message said**

**Dismiss my Fears, and make me Glad?**

**Will He come Teach an Unledg'd Soul to Fly,**

**To see, without the Optics of an Eye?**

**Teach to Distinguish Sounds, and Hear**

Without the Grave Formality of an Ear ?  
 Teach me to Speak the Troubles of a Mind,  
 That's forc'd to leave his Tongue & Head & Heart behind?  
 Will He Come Guide, and Guard my Way,  
 ( That Can't but it Exactly Know  
 By often Trav'elling to and frô )  
 To the Exalted Realms of Everlasting Day ?

VII.

Come then, Let's Mount and Fly  
 On Winged Wills to the Rich Worlds on High !  
 Oh me ! my Guide ! what Wonder's here  
 In all our Road Successively Appear  
 What Natures now, what Shapes these Atoms wear,  
 That Form this Fluid, this Elastic Air !



Atoms too Fine for Mortal Sight,  
But Large and Gross to Immaterial Light !  
See, with what Rage they from each other Rove,  
1 Renouncing still the Law of Mutual Love !  
2 See, in what Whirling Streams they Flow !  
What Different Streams Embrace them, as they Go !  
Look there, how Swell'd Voluminous Vapour flies  
From Raging Seas into the Calmer Skies !  
What Flaming Floods Discharged there  
From Loud Vulcano's tinge the Atmosphere,  
From Hidden Mines and Treasures up they Come,  
3 From Each or Friendly or Infectious Womb !  
4 Look How cloy'd Planets yonder Vomit forth  
Their Heterogeneous Humours t'wards the Earth.  
What Rendezvouz is here ? no Wonder hence  
Strange Airy Laws, Quick Life or Death Commence ;

See, How they Marshall ! How their Forces Join !  
How Greet and Fight, How Seperate and Combine !  
Alas ! Poor Native Globe, whose various Fate  
Hangs on the Turns of this Embroyled State !  
Welcome, Ah ! Welcome, Blest Informing Light  
That Cures my Old Mistakes, and Scouts  
My num'rous Philosophic Doubts,  
And Chases all my Scepticism quite !  
Now are first Seeds and Principles Disclos'd,  
5    *Essential* Forms and Textures all Expos'd ;  
6    Immortal Seeds, that Intermingled Lie  
The Ground of Unaccountable Variety ;  
Textures by which Brisk Flames do upward Ride,  
And those, by which Pellucid Waters Glide ;  
Without tyr'd Study now, the *Central* Charms appear,  
Which Bodies Restless make, till they come there.

Now

Now the Myſterious Love at laſt, I Trace  
That Binds and Acts the Vaſt Corporeal Whole;  
That Plays the Universal Soul,  
Aſſigning all their Order, and their Place.  
No Wonder, Souls Breathe Union and Agree,  
Made up of Love and Harmonie!  
No Wonder, Sacred Spi'rits ( whole Glorious Head  
Has upon them Attractive Uñction ſhed )  
Are by a Stronger Gravitation Join'd,  
7    Whose Love and Harmony is all Refin'd,  
This whole World's Law, and Life appears to Be  
Nought elſe but Love and Harmonic ;  
Ev'n *Matter's* Self is urg'd with Amo'rous Suit,  
8    Incln'd in all its Parts to Mutual Salute ;  
Myſterious Love, whose Binding Pow'r Conſtrains  
9    The Slipp'ry'ſt Faces, with the Cloſeſt Chains !  
That



That Teaches Bleeding Steel to wound by Stealth,  
Or Greeting send, and Sympathetic Health;  
Inspires Dead Fibres, in th' Harmonious Tone,  
At once to Warble, and Dance Unison;  
Magnetic Virtues and their Puzzling Cause,  
Which Unmechanic seem'd and sprung from Laws  
Of some strange Forreign System, now I find  
No Riddles are to Love, and to a Naked Mind.  
I see, why the Touch'd Needle still scents about,  
Till it has found its Darling Quarter out;  
And why, Unconstant grown, it sometimes takes  
New-Sprung Amours, and its Dear North forsakes;  
10 Why Flow'ring Vines, tho' fix'd in Distant Soil,  
Prompt Wines in *England* to Ferment and Boil;  
How Blooming Trees (as 'twere, for future Birth)  
11 Unstain Dy'd Cloaths, and call their Atomsforth;  
Why

- 12    Why Dark'ned Seas pretend to scatter Light,  
      As if they truly Lodg'd the Sun by Night;  
      I see, ( Philosophy I long'd to Know,  
      But was too Deep for Poreing Minds below )  
      Why Lift'ning Seas so Daily watch the Shore,  
Crowd up the Roads, down which they Ran before,  
      As if they yet Rememb'red Old Command,  
      Or Crav'd new leave to Drown the Guilty Land;  
      Heav'ns Shops and Magazines Unlock'd I view,  
      What Cool Alembic drops the Rain and Dew;  
      What Lathe so Turns, what Art Japans the Bow,  
What Looms prepare and Weave the Fleecy Snow;  
      In what tight Mills the Icy Balls are Ground,  
      Why small or larger made, why White and Round;  
13    How the Sun's Banner Stormy Fight prepares,  
      And Summons Airy Troops to Blust'ring Warrs;

What Wild Ingredients are together Cramm'd,  
 And into Clowdy Cannons closely Ramm'd,  
 At whose Dread Roar fierce Balls and Fires are Hurl'd,  
 Omens of That, that must Calcine the World ;  
 From what Low Birth proud Meteors climb the Air,  
 What Combs and Kindles their Prefaging Hair ;  
 How Cou'd I feast the Students now Below,  
 ( Might I for their Relief and Ease  
 14 Descend a θεός 'από μηχανής )  
 15 Solve their Distracting Problems quick & show  
 Rules of Reflected and Refracted Light,  
 How all the Tribes of Sep'rate Colours Grow,  
 16 And all Combin'd beget the Single White ?  
 Learn'd Death, that in one Hour instructs me more,  
 Than all my Years on Earth Before !  
 Than all my Academic Aids cou'd Do,

Than



Than Chronicles, Books and Contemplations too!  
Death! That Exalts me strait to High'st Degree!  
Commenc'd a more than *Newton*, in Abstruse Philosophie;

## VIII

How fast we Mount, my Guide? my Eye  
Can scarce Pursue the Orbs run Whirling By!  
Being now Arriv'd at Saturn's Sphere,  
Let's stand a while, and take a Prospect there!  
These Worlds cou'd ne're be made, nor Furnish'd  
Dull Mortals only to Amaze,  
To call them out to Peep and Gaze,  
They're Nobler Entertainment for the Dead!  
Great God! what Pow'r and Skill Combine  
To manage this Mysterious Frame,

Thy

Thy Glories in Each Portion Shine,  
'Tis Big with thine Almighty Name!  
Ah! Happy Prospect, that Infallibly Confutes  
Old Prejudice, and Ends *Theoretical* Disputes!  
Now, now, to Sight, the Controversy's Done,  
Whether our Little Globe maintain  
The Centre of this Whirling Main,  
Or Whisks its Yearly Journey round the Sun;  
The Little Globe, how wisely Plac'd  
In Day and Night Alternate there,  
In Changing Seasons of the Year,  
For Cherishing the Lives with which 'tis proudly Grac'd!  
How Honourably serv'd and waited on  
By a Beneficent, Revolving Moon,  
A Dark Distributer of Light,  
That Kindly shortens and Adorns the Night?

Patron

- Patron of Man's Tranquillity and Ease !  
2     Ordain'd Disturber of *Pacific* Seas !  
What wild *Meanders* does the Wand'rer trace,  
3     Inconstant to her Orb, her Light and Pace ?  
How oft does the Old Chang'ling Love t' Assume  
In spite of Age, New Life and Youthful Bloom ?  
How oft with vary'd Face Affect to Ride  
Along the Admiring Heav'ns, and to show  
A Picture of Unconstancy and Pride ?  
Ah ! Fatal, Fatal Governness Below !  
But Let me Gaze on, and Admire  
4     That Boyling Ocean of *Unfuel'd* Fire,  
The Soul of all the Planetary Quire !  
Time's Parent, and Time's Offspring too  
Recorder of the Years, and Breath we Drew !  
5     Vicarious God ! on whose Imperial State



A Train of Worlds for Life and Motion wait !

Obliging Pow'r ! thus Daily to Renew

6 Thy Largeſſes, to theſe thy Clients Bound !

Thus Solemnly to Turn thy ſelf Around,

And take them all within thy Friendly View !

Rich Painter ! That can thus Careſs the Eyes,

Beſtows on ev'ry Face its Different Dy,

7 And Hangs the Globe in all its Gaudy Tapeſtry !

Why did Blind Nations ſtyle thee God of Love ?

Was it becauſe thou doſt ſo Lovely prove,

8 Each Body does thy Kind Approaches Woe ?

And yet each Body's Shy,

And like thy ſtory'd *Daphne* Coy,

9 And ſtill Declines thy cloſe Embrace too :

Heaven's Secretary Thou, to whom we owe

The Op'ning all the Wond'rous Scenes Below !

Grand

Grand Minister of Mortal Sense and Sight,  
That strikes us Blind with High Excess of Light!  
Prodigious Source of Life, that e're since Time Begun  
10 Has Waiting still and Undiminish'd Run!  
That Far and Wide does Genial Streams Dispense,  
Bright Emblem of his own Creator's Influence!  
Swift Streams, that almost Leave the Thought Behind,  
11 Almost Out-fly the Sallies of the Mind!  
Sagacious They, that thus Unerring Tend  
12 The shortest way to their Designed End!  
Sure to come there, when nothing can Repress  
13 Their Hasty Flight, but Unresisting Emptiness!  
Go Doating, fond Philosophy,  
With all thy Catachrestic Names!  
Call yonder Planet, *Mercury*,  
Whom such intensive Heat

Will

- Will not Evaporate,  
Calcine nor Sublimate,  
14 That so Undaunted Runs amidst the Chymic Flames,  
But Lo ! with what Majestic Grace  
Sweet *Venus* Follows, and maintains  
Thro' all her Changes and her Wanes  
15 A still Unclouded, Lovely Face!  
Such Constant Beauty, tho' it Lye  
( As Mortal Beauties us'd to Be )  
Intangled with Unconstancie,  
16 Can't chuse but Charm each Astronomic Eye !  
Her Nimble-footed Harbinger,  
Tho' plac'd Amidst the Streams  
Of Beautifying Beams,  
17 Is more Illustrious made by Her.  
Now stoop, Weak Reason, nor Pretend

To



To Scan Wise Nature's Rules, or End !

Ah ! who'd Expect to Find

18 That Smaller Orb Displac'd so far Behind ?

So Little He, so Distant set

From the Great Spring of Light and Heat,

He needs must Wear a Darker Robe,

Than that, that Clothes my Native Globe ;

19 So Frigid too, How can he Bear

The Name of the Old, *Pagan* God of War ?

But here Advance to nearer Sight

Loud Heralds of Eternal Might ;

See, how Plebeian Planets fly,

Possess'd with Trembling Fear,

They Hide and Disappear,

As Mighty *Jove* Drives his brisk Stages By !

Vast *Jove*, whose Grandeur will Disdain

How

H

Of

Of Solar Distance to Complain,  
 When he himself can such high state Display  
 In his Resplendent Train,  
 That Guards His Motions and makes bright his Way!  
 Yet Great as he pretends to Be,  
 The Royal Master of this Sphere,  
 20 Tho' Size and Bulk he'l not Compare,  
 (In Pond'rous Bulk and Size  
 No Great Perfection lies)  
 Boasts a more Pompous Train than He.  
 See what a Tedious Path he's fain to Trace,  
 How far from *four's*, to give his large Retinue Space!  
 But, Oh! what curious Piece did Art Divine,  
 And well taught Nature here Design?  
 Does in this Orb a Sacred Covenant Grow  
 21 Decypher'd by this Horizontal Bow?

How

How Richly's this Grave Wand'rer Drest,  
With an Illustrious Ring above the Rest?  
Around it Rolls, makes all its Parts appear  
Yet lies Obscur'd in Light, for half the Year;  
What Diff'rent Office it at once can Play,  
Both make the Night and make the Day!  
It's Circling Pace can Life Retrieve,  
And make the Dying Fluids Live;  
See, how its various Phases, Use and End  
At once Delight the Wond'ring Natives & Befriend!  
Lay Mortals, lay your Learned Glases by,  
Too Feeble, too Short-sighted to Descry  
All these Attendants of his State,  
That thus about him Run,  
Supply and Slight the Distant Sun,  
And Rich Philosophy and Charming Views Create!

Now,



Now, now Adieu ye Pleasing store  
Of Dreams and Fancies I Indulg'd Before!  
I see what Natives these toss'd Islands bear,  
Natives, as Diff'rent as their Climates are;  
Their Studies, Pleasures and Employ's I see,  
How much more Happy and more Pure than we;  
More Heav'nly they, more fit and glad to Raise  
By Love and Service the Creator's Praise.  
Ah me! what Diff'rent Balls take yonder Flight,  
Vast Firey Balls, Clad o're with Thickned Night!  
How Regular, how Swift, how far they Run,  
26 From us, thro' all the Orbs, Around the Scorching Sun!  
Ah! Wretched Wights, that there in Durance Dwell,  
Confin'd to those Sulphureous Rooms of Hell!  
Erratic Dungeons, Destin'd to Present  
Heaven's Justice Flaming there

Upon

Upon the Prisoners of Despair,

Before the several Worlds, Redeem'd and Innocent,

27 To warn the one to Praise, the other to Repent!

Well may Astonish'd Mortals Gaze

At the Ominous Flames, with which they Blaze,

No Wonder they Prognosticate

The Evils, they themselves Create!

Ah! now the Laws, by which they cut the Air,

Their Threatning Tails, and long Inflamed Hair,

How they are Chain'd in their *Elliptic* Race,

28 Nor Gallop out into the Fields of Neighb'ring Space,

Their Causes, Ends and Dire effects below

To Awfull Satisfaction are Apparent now!

Great God, what Pow'r, and Prudence to the Full

Are Scatter'd thro' the Expanded Whole!

Stupendous Bulk and Symmetrie,

Cross Motion and clear Harmonic,  
Close Union and Antipathie,  
Projectile Force, and Gravitie,  
In such well pois'd Proportions Fall,  
As strike this Artfull, Mathematic Dance of All.  
Come Hither, all you Atheistic Tribe,  
Who this Wise Scene to Senseless Cause Ascribe,  
Come Hither, as e're long you must, and see  
The Radiant Demonstrations of the Deitie !  
But justly may you Dread to find,  
When Flesh's Vail shall be withdrawn,  
When Long Eternity shall Dawn,  
The Existence of the Almighty and All-Holy Mind ;  
O what Confusion and what Fears  
Will tear your Souls, when Deity appears ?  
O Study these Convictive Views  
That



That may prevent your Endless Tears !

O now Bethink ye of the Burning News

30 Ghost Sydenham Thund' red in his Chrony's Ears!

News, that Create the Joys where Angels Dwell,  
That feed the Deathless Worm and Rapid Flames of Hell;

The Eternal News, which might but I the same  
So needful now, with Heaven's just Leave Proclaim,

31 Shou'd soon fill all the open'd Mouths of Fame!

Or with which Rather, cloth'd in Noise  
More Loud than Thunder, or than Sinai's Voice,

Id'e Preach from Hence and Quickly make

The Globe and all it's Unbelievers Quake,

Yea, the Whole Planetary System Shake!

Id'e Storm those Bolted Ears, and quickly Drown

The Noise and Hurry of each Ravenous Town,

The Loud, Pathetic Accents Id'e Pronounce

Shou'd

Shou'd stop the Tide of Business all at once,  
Dear Gain and Mirth shou'd soon Abandon'd Be  
To give Grave Audience to my News and Me.  
Id'e make the Proud Aspirer Crouch, and Court  
The Face and Favour He has made his Sport ;  
Id'e make the Accur'd Miser throw with Shame  
His Idol to the Caves from whence it Came ;  
Id'e soon Confute the *Epicure*, and fright  
Th' impatient Wanton from his Lewd Delight ;  
Id'e cure the Fop of his Distracted Fits,  
And make the Brain-sick *Beau* to find his Wits ;  
Id'e make the *Sceptic* and the *Hobbian* Schools  
Recant their *Maxims* and Confound their Rules ;  
The Lofty'st Monarchs ( whose Sublime Birth  
Makes them Ador'd, and Look like Gods on Earth )  
Shou'd soon the Force of Heav'n's Grandeur feel,

And

And Crowned Heads Beneath his Footstool Kneel ;  
No more in vain shou'd the Weak Preacher Spread  
Perswasive Hands and Breath unto the Dead,  
Id'e make *Him* put more Soul into his Breath,  
Id'e make *Them* Hear, and Burst the Chains of Death,  
Conscience shou'd wake, and Preach, & Conscious Fears  
Shou'd Roar more Loud, than *Mortars* in their Ears ;  
Thro' every Clime the Rev'rend News shou'd Sound,  
Each Cave and Vale shou'd with the News Rebound!  
And Vocal Seas Repeat & Roll the News Around !  
Ah! Foolish Thought! this Complicated Throng  
Of Works and Laws Divine,  
Where such immense Perfections shine,  
More Loudly Tells the News without a Tongue!  
When this wide Plan was first Pourtray'd,  
The *System's* fixt Foundations Laid,



The Rich Materials brought, and in just Ballance Weigh'd  
 Well might Pleas'd *Seraphs* shout, and all the Throng  
 Of Morning-Stars strike up a Celebrating Song ;  
 ' O! O, the Treasures of Eternal Might!  
 ' The Magazines of Self-Existent Love and Light!  
 ' Tho' in our Realms still fresh Applauses Grow,  
 ' Where Immaterial Wonders always flow ;  
 ' Turn we aside, and stoop to see  
 ' New Matter's Maze, and Multifform Varietie!  
 ' Matter, whose Dusky Nature can Surprize  
 ' Our Shining, Intellective Faculties ;  
 ' That Puzzles them with Undissolved Knot,  
 32 ' 'Tis still Divisible, and yet 'tis not !  
 ' Bless us ! How Matter and its motion Can  
 ' In all the Pomp of Intricacy Reign!  
 33 ' Huge Masses, nicest Subtleties,  
 ' Weights,

34  
‘ Weights, Numbers, Figures, and Degrees  
‘ Of Union, Textures, Times, and Tone,  
‘ And Measures, that Transcend our Own;  
‘ Discordant Motions, Swift and Slow,  
‘ Yet Uniform and Constant too,  
‘ Direct, Elliptic, Circular,  
‘ Vibrations too that interfere,  
‘ Thousands of References far and near,  
‘ How Swiftly by the Dextrous Skill  
‘ Of Potent Counsel, and Omniscient Will,  
‘ Are Calculated All, and intermingled Here?  
‘ How well are Breath Divine and Dust Compriz’d?  
‘ Two Worlds in six Foot-Length Epitomiz’d,  
‘ And Contradictions Harmoniz’d?  
‘ But what Amazements will not meet,  
‘ When Heav’n it self does in Grand Council sit?

‘ Rise

' Rise Noble World, and find us True.

' In all Appointed Ministry to you!

' Blest be the Pow'r, Displays his Glories Thus!

' Rise Rival-World, and at the End

' Of Destin'd, Rolling Ages Send

' A Welcome Colony to our World and us!

Ah! Dear, Deluded Virtuosi, who

Are wistly groping in our World Below,

Now Sink, oh Sink your Studious Pride,

Spare Idle Pains, and Wisely cast Aside

Your Learn'd, Utopian Theories,

Well-manag'd, Blind Hypotheses

Of Institutes Divine Ridiculously Wide!

What can Waste *Vacuum* and Atoms do?

Or Plenitude and Motion too,

(But, O what Empty Heads are those

That



That Plenitude with Motion wou'd Compose ? )

35 Or jostling *Vortices*, unless they Can  
Demonstrate the Vertigo of a Wanton Brain ?

Or Universal, Gravitating Pace,

( That comes so Late, and goes so Far

To solve the Rules and Orders here, )

36 Tho Blended also with Projectile Race ?

Here Powers and Laws are fixt and Woven so

As are Unreacht, Undreamt of quite Below.

Alas ! Alas ! you'l ne're Survey

All the Contriv'd *Phænomena*,

Nor the Survey'd Resolve, till you

37 Shall take, like me, an Unembodied View !

Oh that I might Rich Truths and Knowledge Lend,

38 As once *Ficinus* to his Studious Friend !

Here's Prospect well worth while, worth pains to Die,

L

And

And Quit the Lov'd, the Dim Researches of Mortalitie.

## IX.

Mortalitie ! methinks, the Name

A kind of Passion still Creates,

Whilst sensibly it intimates

The Ruffull Ills and World from whence I Came !

Tho' Raptur'd with this Numerous Dance,

With Globes and Balls Methodically Whirl'd,

A Secrer Instinct makes me Love to Glance

T'wards my Endear'd, Forsaken World.

Ah me ! was yonder Despicable Clod

The Stage of my Life's Scenes, and my Abode ?

Was't There, that I a Thinking Essence Grew ?

There Viral Clay, and Vital ~~✓~~ Ether Drew ?

Was that the World, We did so late Admire,  
That did our Senses Charm,  
Our fond Affections Warm,  
And set the Silly Microcosm all on Fire?  
Was that our Source of Joy! and cou'd we There  
Build Tow'ring Hopes, as Castles in the Air?  
Cou'd you Black Patches seem the Sovereign Good  
For which Proud Mortals spill whole Streams of Blood?  
Bless me! How cou'd we Idolize its Oar?  
Its Pompous Gawds, and Fooleries Adore?  
How cou'd we for its Dross ev'n stoop to Kiss  
The Insulting Dev'l? How cou'd we (Fools) for this  
Barter our Deathless selves, our Innocence and Bliss?  
Ah! Fall'n Confounded *Globe* thou! where  
The Center's Sin, and Curse, the Atmosphere!  
Almighty Love's Old Monument, that hath  
Hardly



Hardly Escap'd the Dint of Flaming Wrath!  
Once Splendid Paradise! once Belov'd Abode  
Of Happy Angels and their Happy God!

Now Ruins of Majestic Pow'r, that may  
Just tell their Author and his Name Betray!  
His Name in Ruin'd Fabrics stands Compleat;  
Demolish'd Temples speak their Founder Great.

Now no more Lustre Lives, or Rich Attire  
Than must e're long pass thro' Transforming Fire;  
See how the Weary, Trav'ling Axes Groan  
Beneath the Pond'rous Curse, that's o're 'em Thrown!

Hence rise *Errata*, hence Disorder sits  
To prove a Scandal to Unthinking Wits;  
Hell's Suburbs! where Impurities in Grain,  
And Loud Impieties Triumphant Reign,  
Where Lofcy Lusts claim Scepters for their own,

And

And Scarlet Villanies Ascend the Throne ;  
Den of Enrag'd Unrighteous, and their Tools !  
Cage of Conceited, and Distracted Fools !  
*Where* Hells Proud Prince with Pleasure walks each Day,  
Large Empire Boasts and Arbitrary Sway ;  
*Where* Headstrong Grievs intruding Joys Controul,  
Pierce the Soft Heart, and Wound th' Imprison'd Soul ;  
*Where* Pleasures Poyson, and Torment the Mind,  
Arm'd with Resistless Stings they leave Behind ;  
*Where* Bright and Social Virtues soon are found  
Choak'd by the Balefull Mists that there Abound ;  
*Where* Friendship, the Dear Antidote of Strife,  
The Sweet Beguiler of the Ills of Life,  
Friendship, by Name is Courted and Caress'd,  
But Banish'd far from each Pretending Breast ;  
In her Due Room a Nest of Vermin Lies,

And Selfish, sordid Puries Tyrannize.  
 Where Conjugal Accord, the first and Best  
 Of Friendships Entertain'd by Humane Breast,  
 The Sacred Tye, wile Heav'n did first Ordain  
 The Help and (next it self) the Heav'n of Man,  
 Is soon imbitter'd with severe Allays,  
 Transform'd to Bane, and Canker of his Days.  
 Where Vices and Confusions Native Grow,  
 Religion's Foreign, and is treated so;  
 No looner Condescends th' Aethereal Dame  
 To visit some Dark Town with Vital Flame,  
 But straitway All Around Contrive  
 To Hoot the Heav'nly Guest and Drive  
 Her Home unto the Land, from whence She came.  
 The Pious Few us'd, as Unworthy They  
 The World, that's so Unworthy of their Stay;



Heav'n's Candidates go Cloath'd with foul Disguise;  
And Heav'n's Reports are Damn'd for Senseless Lies.  
Tremendous Mysteries are (so Hell prevails)  
Lampoon'd for Jargon and Phantastic Tales;  
Heav'n's Heralds, sent to Heal and Bless the Mind,  
To Summon Man from Darkness and from Toys,  
To Starry Crowns and to Seraphic Joys, &c  
Are Treated as the Refuse of Mankind;  
Where the Great Son of the Eternal God,  
Who Sways the Worlds with Unresisted Nod,  
While in our Form Salvation He Achieves,  
Was Basely slain, and Hang'd with Impious Thieves  
(Well might the Sun Wink and put out his Light,  
Nor dare to see so Bold, Blasphemous Sight ! )  
From Heav'n He came to Purchase and Espouse,  
To Light Dark Souls unto his Father's House ;

Lo, the Returns! Lo there, the Gratefull Fruit!  
 His Love and Laws Ly Trampled under Foot!  
 Th' Eternal Spirit of Peace, and Peacefull Might,  
 That Kindly comes in Crowned Shiloh's Right,  
 Comes to Convey the Blessings He hath Bought,  
 To Bring us the Redemption He hath Wrought,  
 Is Vex'd and Griev'd, and Spitefully Traduc'd,  
 His Love and Works Affronted and Abus'd;  
 Ah, how the Stubborn Miscreants Combine  
 To Baffle Boundless Grace, and Blood Divine!  
 Is that the World we cou'd so ill Forego?  
 The Element of Death, Apostacy and Wo!  
 Bless me! what Hellish Spell Controuls  
 (The Native Pow'rs of Heav'n-born Souls  
 What Fatal Potion charms them to Forget  
 Their Make, their Father, and their Father's Seat?

A Curle on all our Wit and Sense of Late  
That Knows and Seeks no better World than That!  
Ah me, how much more Pure and Fine,  
How much more Noble and Divine  
Is one Poor Naked Soul than All  
The Bulky Mass of that Capacious Ball!  
Sweet Vision (Sweet, Amidst these Scenes of Wo!)  
Thus Clearly, thus Compendiously to Show  
The several Ranks of Souls that Ply Below!  
What igneous Seeds, invol'd in Fibrous Earth,  
Give the Vast Vegetable Kingdom Birth;  
How they Distinguish Food for Vital Use,  
Breathe, and Drive round the Circulating Juice;  
How they Digest, Perspire, and Drink, and Are  
By Seasonable Drinking fresh and fair;  
Breed Seminal Virtue, and from Teeming Root



Shed Infant-Blossoms, and Prolific Fruit.  
What more Exalted Sp'rits inform and Sway  
The Capillary Limbs of Small'st *Automata*;  
Infill Discretion there, and quite Out do  
The Feats of Matter and its Motion too;  
What Nobler Souls the Nobler Machins Wear,  
Masters of Sense, and Skillfull Instinct there;  
For their Life's Business, and Intentions fit,  
Springs of Irrational Sagacity and Wit;  
What Virtue Kindles their Pneumatic fire,  
And Whither at Decease they Silently Retire;  
Grand Sov'reignty, that thus was pleas'd to State  
Their Ends, and Toils, and Undeserved Fate!  
Too Good, too Guiltless to be Treated thus,  
To be Entrall'd, and Sacrific'd for us!  
What Brighter Forms in Humane Fabric Reigh,

Innoble

Innoble and Impeach Degenerate Man ;  
Outfly weak Sense on Metaphysic Wings ;  
Yet ty'd to Muscles and Mechanic Strings,  
Destin'd to Light, and to Diviner Gust,  
Wedded to Clay, and Prostitute to Lust,  
Remote from Matter, and Exempt from Death,  
Immediate Progeny of Almighty Breath!  
In close Ascents the Rising Orders Grow,  
Holding Communion still with those Below ;  
From meanest *Microscopic* Species there,  
Of Natures Armies the Remotest Rear,  
Up to the Frontier Squadrons of the Sky's,  
Does Gradual Kindred, and Connexion Rise ;  
Thus wisdom thro' Whole Nature's Orb is seen,  
4 Leaving no Wide Uncomely *Chasm* Between ;  
'Tis Sin, Alas ! has all the Mischief Done,

Broke

Broke the Creation's Harmony, and Thrown  
Beneath the Basest Brutes, our Princely Race,  
Down to Deep Hell, and to lost Angels Place;  
How cou'd I Weep (Had I my Eyes agin)  
The Desp'rate Case Inchant'd Souls are in,  
Immers'd in Earth and Flesh, in Filth and Sin!  
Is that the World so Courted, and so Sought?  
For which the Unseen Worlds have thro' all Ages fought?  
Bless me! my Guide, what wounding sight is here!  
See, how the Spacious Regions of the Air  
Throng'd with thick Shoals of Diff'rent Spirits Appear!  
See now the Sev'ral Ranks, that fell  
From Innocence and Joys Unspeakable?  
Look! some of Course Alloy, ignoble Birth,  
Delight in Dens and Caverns of the Earth;  
Others, on other Purposes intent,

The



The Atmosphere's incircling Climes frequent;  
Others, in whom a Loftyer Genius Reigns,  
Are Dwellers of the Vast, Æthereal Plains;  
Malignant All! and Studious (as they can)  
To' Avenge their Ruin upon Envyed Man!  
Poor Mortals, Drown'd in Lethargy and Vice!  
Bewitch'd with Wit, with Apishness and Noise!  
To whom this View is all Romantic Theam,  
Being Nobly Born to Laugh, and Drink, and Dream!  
Blind to the World of Unincarnate Hosts!  
The Spoils, the Foot-balls of Contending Ghosts!  
Dream on mad World! thy frantic Dreams Attend!  
Time flies Apace to its Appointed End!  
Great Michael now prepares to Take  
His Faral Trump to Sound,  
Almighty Trump, that soon will make

Earth's Rooms, and Heav'n's High Roof to Shake,  
Death's Adamantine Courts to Quake,  
The Quick and Dead (less Deaf o'th' Two) to Wake,  
Will call past Time (Unthought-of Riddle!) Back,  
And (since thy Age shall such, at least, be found)  
Will in a Moment Raise six Thousand Years from under Ground!  
The Patient Judge just Ready is to Rise  
From off his Throne, and to Repair  
To His Tribunal in the Air,  
To Hold thy Universal, thy Severe Assize;  
Venture, still Venture his Revengeful Ire,  
The Raging Billows of his Furious Fire!  
See then, what Pow'r thy Proud Presumption hath  
To Save thee from the injur'd Saviour's Wrath! -----  
Oh me! How Roaring Fiends, loof'd from their Cell,  
Run Gath'ring round the Globe, Supplies for Hell!

See how they scatter Darkness and Distrust,  
Sowe up and down their Tares,  
Like Fire-balls, Hurl strong Scandalls, Baits & Snares,  
With Pregnant Seeds of each Enraged Lust!  
Look! yonder Dev'l does 'midst gull'd Crowds Record  
Dark Oracles, and Craves to be Ador'd:  
Look, with what Zeal that Busy One Creates  
Capricious Fews and Jealousies in States!  
How Archly that does Grim Complexion Paint  
With Holy Varnish, and Bely's the Saint?  
How t' Other, near a Murder'd Carcass Hid,  
Walks Ghastly, and Bemoans the Untimely Dead!  
Ah! now each Unbeliev'd, Mysterious Rite  
Of Stalking *Spectrums* is Expos'd to Light;  
Of what Loose Mass they form their Plyant Dress,  
How Change their Mien and Visage as they please;  
What



What Errands force them to appear Below,  
What Ghostly Laws are giv'n them, when they Go,  
How they, Untoucht by Lying Shapes, impose,  
Dance in their Chains, and Revel in their Woes;  
How they are struck, and strike our Organs there,  
Throw off their Garb and sink to Night and Air.  
Oh! Dreadfull! See, how fiery *Demons* fly  
Thick o're our Heads along th' Affrighted Sky,  
Dragging Pale Ghosts, all Howling from Afar,  
Rent at the Views of the Decisive Bar! -----  
But see, How Heav'n's Bright Posts skip to and fro!  
Some, Sacred Gifts Convey,  
Some, Brandish'd Swords of Wrath Display,  
And pour deep Vialls out full-Charg'd with Wo!  
O me! How tamely Some walk up and Down,  
Attending Exiles forc'd to Lands Unknown!  
Lock!

Look! some to Prison Haste, Resolv'd to Be  
With Fellow-Servants there, or Bound or Free !  
Others with Wond'rous, Dilligent Survey  
Guard Little-ones in Cradles, and at Play,  
Charg'd still to Watch their Growing Years,  
Discuss their Dangers and their Fears,  
Till by Adult Offences Griev'd Away ;  
Strange ! yonder's One, 'midst Threatning Waves & Air,  
A Vessel holds, Oblig'd by Potent Pray'r !  
Some with Concern at Sacred Temples Wait,  
(The Porch of Heav'n is Beauteous Sion's Gate )  
With more Concern, than Ransom'd Flocks that there  
In Fair, Pretending Companies Appear ;  
Wait, as if they with utmost Pleasure Came,  
To hear the Sounds of the Redeemer's Name ;  
Pleas'd to Behold ( without our Glimm'ring Glas ! )

The Executions of Eternal Grace ;  
Admir'ing Skill Divine, and Prosp'rous Aid  
In Rearing an Immortal Church, Display'd,  
Expecting there and Overjoy'd to see  
New Partners joyn'd to their Societie ;  
Thus does our Peace their pure Affections move,  
Blest Copies of Eternal Light and Love !  
Oh ! with what speed and Joy yon Seraphs Come  
Conducting their Respective Charges Home ! ----  
Bless'd God ! Cou'd Earth's vile Globe Exalted Be  
To Ring o're Heav'n, thus Rais'd in thy Decree !  
Rais'd above all the Numerous Globes, that Lie  
Within thy Hand, Beneath thy Piercing Eye !  
Has that vile Spot, thro' Running Time, Engross'd  
Divine Compassion, Wisdom, Thought,  
Both fairly Conquer'd and Dear Bought,

The



The World immensely Blest, by being Lost ?  
What Royal Grace Pursues our Sinfull Soil,  
With Hell's Strong Prince Divides the Captive Spoil ?  
Worthy in Endless Praise and Songs to Sound,  
Does 'midst our Guilt thus Triumph and Abound !  
Rescues, Exalts a Chosen Part as High,  
As others Low in deep Destruction Lie ;  
Thus the Poor Globe must Cast its Primitive Right,  
Be Spoil'd and Drain'd of all its Natives Quire,  
Entirely Shar'd 'twixt Hell, and Realms of Light.  
No Wonder, Sacred Oracles Declare  
It must fly thence, & Quit its Ancient Sphere ;  
Be thrown Aside, as stain'd with Sins Disgrace,  
Or else Refin'd for a more Righteous Race.  
Bless me ! Wou'd Heav'n's High Heir, th' Eternal Son  
Redeem his Rebels, Purchase the Undone ?

Wou'd

Wou'd he put on t'heir Flesh, and Sojourn there ?  
Tread Cursed Soil and Breathe Polluted Air ?  
Wou'd He there Die, Resolv'd in Boundless Love,  
To show How He cou'd Crim'nal Dust improve ?  
Cou'd Wash Black Souls with Sacred Blood of's own,  
And Lead an Earthly Spouse t'his Father, & his Throne !  
Bless me ! must yonder Grov'ling, Pigmy-Wights  
Surmount the Lords of these Superiour Lights ?  
Must they the Court and Presence-Chamber Fill,  
With Stately't Courtiers Vye in Lustre and in Skill !  
Sing Angells, Sing ! and let new Harps be Strung,  
To Eccho Consort to a New-made Song !  
Sing you, that see Bright Lov's Mysterious Face !  
Love, that involv'd them in Designs of Grace !  
That see the Grace, that all their Sins Outreach'd,  
That see the Hell, from whence they'r sav'd and fetcht,  
(Sav'd,

( Sav'd, while, Alas! your Dolefull Brethren are  
Plung'd in Vindictive Flames and in Despair! )  
That see His Grandeur, whose Rich Blood was Spilt  
To Wash their Souls, and Blot their Crimson Guilt!  
That see the Pow'r, that will their Lives Retrieve!  
That see the Glories, they can scarce Believe!  
That see ( withall ) their Vile, Ungratefull Mind!  
That feel the Joys, for which they are Design'd!  
That from the Throne, Drink Beams and Pleasures new!  
That know what 'tis to Joyn, and Equal you!  
You that see this, these Theams that must Employ  
The Countless Ages of Eternity,  
Who at these Views are Ravisht with Delight,  
Whose Singing Pow'rs are Equal to your Sight,  
O Sing for them ( if you have Songs to Spare,  
Songs, that Undue for your own Glories are )!



**A Perfect of Doubt.**

**Ye Chorus, first the Rapturous Song, Begin!**

**And Load the Burden of your Song**

**With Hallelujahs Loud and Long!**

**Then Seraphs in your Time and Place fall in!**

**Fall in and Catch the Rising Sound**

**At its Remote Rebound!**

**Warble, Protrude and Be**

**The Chorus in the Applauding Companie!**

**And mount the Music High'r, and then**

**Ye Tall Arch-Angels Seal the Song with your Amen!**

**Thus Live and Sing! and as you Sing, Fall Down,**

**Paying all Homage to the Eternal Crown!**

**Sing and Adore! and by the Songs you Raise**

**Atone for their Unpardonable want of Praise.**

**O sing for them (if you have songs to spare,**

**Songs, that Unde for your own Glories are)**

**But**

X.

But while I Greedily Survey  
The Little Globe, where I my Being Gain'd,  
Methinks, I'me Seiz'd upon the Way,  
And Forcibly Detain'd  
By yonder Grave Proceffion that's Begun;  
Look there, with what Solemnitie,  
And Mournfull Decencie,  
That Funeral Pomp Advances slowly On!  
Alas! Alas! I see  
By something of the Companie,  
But more by Sympathetic Qualm I find,  
There go the Reliques, that I left Behind!!  
There they are Marching to the Silent Room,  
That Truly long ago

Was Due to them and Destin'd so  
By Guilty Nature and Inexorable Doom;  
Thanks, Pious Friends, so Loving and so Good,  
Who this Last Office Pay,  
Who thus Respectfully Convey  
The Useless Cargo to an Undisturb'd Abode  
Kind Ministers of Law severe and just,  
That thus Remands our Dust to Dust!  
May you long Live and Superfede  
Such Fatal Services, nor need  
Such Gloomy Tenement, but when ye Do,  
May the same Favour, Friends! be paid to you!  
Alas! What Difference now Appears to be  
Betwixt Immortal Me,  
And, Poor, Bereaved Carkass, Thee?  
How Vital, Sprightly, and Perceptive I?



Offspring of Heav'n, and Rival of the Sky!  
Fill'd with Amazement, and Delight Anew,  
On this Surprising, Intellectual View!  
Awak'd to Act, and see, and Feel much more  
Than all the imprison'd Powers cou'd before  
Fled from the Crannies of Embarras'd Sense,  
I'me Grown all Eye, and Ear, and all Intelligence.  
Mean while, how Squalid and how Dismal Thou,  
Of Dust Compos'd, to Dust Returning now!  
Dismal, as is Death's Melancholy Shade!  
And Squalid, as the Place where thou art Laid!  
No Dawning Sun can Cheer thee with his Light;  
No Moon or Starrs peep in by Night;  
Late a Well-Guarded Fort wast Thou,  
Abandon'd and Defenceless now!  
The Double Guards Appointed to Oppose:

The Insults of Approaching Foes,

Have all their Trusts and Offices Deny'd,

Fall'n cold and moveless by thy side ;

Can Drive no Tim'rous Mole or Worm from thence,

To Wooden Walls oblig'd ev'n for their own Defence ;

3 The Pillars of thy Fabric now no more

Support the Weight, that once they Bore ;

Down they are fall'n, and Sunk Beneath the Ground,

With Earth and their own Ruins Cover'd Round ;

The whole Retinue that attended Thee

Must henceforth Pine and Starve, and Famish'd Be ;

The Mill is Done, and Service there,

4 The Grinders can Prepare no Cheer ;

5 The Watchmen, for their Function Seated High,

Ordain'd the Ambient Region to Descry

Look out no more, nor mind the Foe,

Nor

1 Nor give their *Items* to the Guards Below ;  
2 The Doors are Barr'd, and Silent ev'ry Room,  
No Gratefull Visitants can Go or Come;  
3 The Ministers of Harmony  
Distun'd and Speechless Lie!  
All stop the Organs ! and all Broke the Keys ?  
More Lifeless than the Strings that Late did Please !  
Delights are Gone, and Tempting Objects fled,  
4 And all thy Inclinations too are Dead ;  
Little, Ah! Little didst thou Consider sure,  
When Youth and Blood was Warm,  
What Dire Catastrophe thou must Endure,  
Unstirr'd by Wonted Springs, and Deaf to every Charm!  
5 Alas! The Silver Cord, that Ty'd  
The Joynted Beam and Rafters close,  
That Strength and Tone around the Walls Supply'd,  
Untwisted



Untwisted Lies, and all its Branches Loose !

10 The Golden and Capacious Bowl,

The House and Laboratory of the Soul,

With all its Vital Furniture's Destroy'd

No Forge, or Flame Remains,

No more it Fashions, or Contains,

The Subtil Utensils I manag'd and Employ'd ;

11 The Fountain, that in 'midst did Play,

And thro' each Room cut out its Lambent Way,

Exhausted is of all its Store,

And Loads the Pitcher with its Streams no more ;

12 The Wheel is Broke, and each Nutritious Juice

That did with Life Abound,

And gather'd more by Whirling Round,

Now Stagnates and Corrupts for want of Ancient Use ;

13 The Curious Net-work and Mechanic Lace

Dissolves

Diffolve and Melt Apace ;  
Where's now the Embroyd'ry of each Sumptuous Part ?  
Was this the Mirror of Unbounded Art ?  
Strange, that the Maker shou'd his Work Disdain!  
Unravel't all, as if 'twere made in Vain !  
But see the Pow'r of Law and Wrath Divine !  
In Darksom Graves does Heav'n's Bright Justice shine ;  
See how Provoking Humane Race has been !  
See there the Wages of Hereditary Sin !  
But Strange, that Things so Distant shou'd Combine !  
That Sp'rit and Clay shou'd in such Wedlock Joyn !  
Strange, that I shou'd so Long, so Gladly Dwell  
With such an Uncouth Inmate, and Unsuitable !  
Strange, that I cou'd such Noisom Presence Bear,  
And Doat upon that Sordid Lumber there !

S

But

But yet I must with due Respectment own  
What once Thou wast, and once hast Done;  
My Loyal, my Coccal Bride,  
Espous'd at his Command,  
Bestow'd by his own Hand,  
Who the first Humane Pair in Nuptial Union Ty'd!  
Farewell, Farewell, my Dear!  
The Constant Part'ner of my Hope and Fear;  
My Bosom-Friend, my Old Relief,  
Whose Kindness would be sure  
To seek my Wounds a Cure,  
And by a Sigh or Tear strive to Dissolve my Grief;  
Farewell, my Prison, my Disease!  
What Pining Seasons were  
My Treatment and my Fare,



**As Long as thou wast made the Keeper of my Peace !**

**Go Tempter, Go, as thou hast been !**

**A Quick Extinguisher of Heav'nly Fires !**

**A Source of Black Enormity and Sin !**

**Thou Cramp of Sacred Motions and Desires !**

**How Brave and Blest am I**

**Unfetter'd from thy Company,**

**Thou Enemy of my Joys and me !**

**But Pardon that I thus**

**Unconsciously Accuse ?**

**How much more Cruel have I been to Thee !**

**'Twas Cruel I, oblig'd thee to Obey**

**The Wilfull Dictates of my Guilty Sway !**

**'Twas I, made all those Ills, and Death thy own,**

**Condemn'd thee to the Jail, where thou art Thrown ;**

**My**

My Crimes Debauch'd thy Dust, and Forfeited  
Thy Happy Restoration from the Dead,  
But 'tis Resolv'd, Dear Mate, that we  
Shan't always thus Divorced Be ;  
We 'll meet again, Long, Long to Try  
What Vigour Absence adds to Joy ;  
Be sure then, Grave, thou Faithfull, Prove  
The Dear *Depositum* observe,  
Tell Ev'ry Sinew, Bone, and Nerve,  
They'r all Recorded in the Register Above  
As they Dissolve, tell ev'ry Dust,  
For tho' thou call' it Thine,  
Thou must it all Resign,  
'Tis but a while Committed to thy Trust;  
When the Awak'ning Trump shall Sound,  
Thy

Thy Vast Accounts shall be call'd in,  
Be Canvass'd, that it may be seen  
What thy Arrears and Debts have been  
To the' Overseer of all Consecrated Ground ;  
Thy Mighty Landlord He ! who still will have  
The Keys of Death and of the Grave !  
He'll Watch those Purchas'd Reliques there, which we  
Lay Down with Grief and leave with thee ;  
Thy Captiv'd Tenants all are His,  
His Prisoners, or his Heirs of Bliss ;  
The one he will Demand to Doom,  
And Kindly fetch the other Home ;  
He sees thy Constant Rage, but meaneth so  
To Inhance his Honour in thy Overthrow ;  
He'll Burst thy Bowells, and by Pow'r

T

Force



Force thee all that Food Restore  
 Which Thou, Curst Canibal, didst e're Devour;  
 Sleep then Dear Mate, in Peace, in Quiet Dwell,  
 Secure from all thy Cares,  
 From me, and Foes, and Snares,  
 Sleep on, till I Return to Call thee from thy Cell.

**FINIS.**



# NOTES.

## Stanza II.

1. **S**Even Years ago (for so long at least, I suppose, this verse has been compos'd) the Velocity of the Blood, running thro' the Heart, was reckon'd to be very great; But now I think, Dr. Keil in his late ingenious Book, concerning Animal Secretion, has Discover'd it to be much greater; for He there supposes that the Heart Contracts eighty times in a Minute; that each Contraction throws into the *Aorta* an Ounce of Blood; that therefore each Minute, 80 Ounces of Blood are thrown into the Artery next the Heart. And thence he Calculates, that the Blood runs, in that Artery at least, at the Rate of 52 Feet in a Minute.

Now then his Learned Brother of *Oxford* will teach the Anatomists to Compute the Velocity of the Blood in the other and smaller Arteries. For, says He, if the Sum of all the Orifices or Transverse Sections in all the Branches



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Branches of the Arteries, be Equal to the Transverse Section, of the *Aorta*, from whence those Branches are Derived, then the Blood runs as swift in those Arteries as in the *Aorta* it self. But if the Sum of all those Orifices or Cavities are greater than the Cavity ( Transversely consider'd ) of the *Aorta*, then the Blood ( as having more Room to Run in ) Runs less Swiftly than in the *Aorta*: And if the same Sum of the Cavities, considered together, be less than the Cavity or Transverse Section of the *Aorta*, then the Blood, in the Smaller Arteries must Run faster than in the *Aorta*. *Keil's Introduction: in Veram Physic*: at the End of the Tenth Lecture. And *Dr. Keil's Discourse of Animal Secretion*.

### SE. III.

I. 'Tis easily known from any Anatomist, what is the Fabric of the Ear; as that it contains, besides the outward Orifice and Auditory Passage, the *Tympanum* or Drum; being a membrane stretch'd upon a Bony Circle, like a Velum upon the Head of a Drum; and then the Barrel, in the Cavity of which are 4 little Bones, call'd the *Hammer*, the *Anvil*, the *Stirrup*, and the *Orbiculare*. The External Air being mov'd, when Sounds are made, strikes the Drum. The striking of the Drum moves the Bones that are in the Barrel; the moving of those Bones conveys like Motion to the Internal Air.

By



## NOTES.

3

By the Motion of that Air a suitable Motion is impress'd on the Auditory nerves in the *Cochlea*. The *Cochlea* is a Winding Passage, somewhat like a *Snails* Shell, in which the Auditory nerves, that carry the impression to the Brain, are Situated.

2. 'Tis an insoluble Enquiry, that Dr. *Hen. More* proposes to that Great Mechanic Philosopher, that had Studied Matter more than Spirit; *Quæque sit ratio imperij Animæ nostræ in Spiritus Animales, quâ potest Eos amandare in quamlibet Corporis partem.* Dr. *More's* 2d. Ep. ad *Rem. Cartes.*

3. 'Tis well known where *Cartes* plac'd the Soul; whence says the same Dr. *More* to him, *id enim (conarium Sct.) Animæ Acropolin a Te monitus agnosco.* *ibid.*

### St. IV.

1. 'Tis easily Remembred how Death is Painted, and who it is, is said to have the Power of Death, *Hebr* 2. 14. And what is Predicted and Threatned against that Deadly Domineerer. *Gen.* 3. 15.

### St. V.

1. Here 'tis apparent, that various Philosophies are conjoin'd. The *Cartesians* seem to suppose, that the Soul is an indivisible (almost Mathematical) point. Others,

(as Dr. *More*) tho' they assert it indivisible (or in their Language, indiscerpible,) yet allow it a sort of Expansion, which they call Metaphysical amplitude. The *Cartesians* call it *res Cogitans*, or *ipsa Cogitatio*; and so suppose it to be (or, at least, never to be without) Actual Thought. Others (as Mr. *Lock*) suppose that it does not always actually Think, or, at least, that it is hard to prove that it does so in Infancy, in Apoplexies and other Diseases. Yet a Vital Activity it may have, for ought I know, without actual, intellectual Thought. And its Capacity to Think or not to Think, (that is, its ability and Readiness to Begin to Think, after any Cessation of Thought) seems to be as good a Note of its immateriality, as if it did always Actually Think.

2. Dr. *Hen. More* takes a Deal of pains, in *Glanvill's Sadducismus Triumphatus*, to Dispute against a Learned *Psychopyrist* (as he calls Him; viz. Mr. *Baxter*) that wou'd, in some respects, Compare Spirit to Fire and Flame; yet in his *Antidote against Atheism*, 1. 3. in the Appendix thereto, Ch. 3. He says, Suppose a Point of Light, from which Rays out a Luminous Orb, according to the known Principles of Optics; This Orb of Light now, says He, does very much Resemble the Nature of a Spirit, which is Diffus'd and Extended and yet indivisible. So that He is as much a *Psychopyrist*, for ought I know, as the Person he calls so. Both Design but a very faint and partial



## NOTES

partial Comparison of Spirit to Flame and Light. And still it must remain a Mystery, how such a *Divine Particula auræ* (as the Poet calls the Soul) shou'd be so fetter'd to the Body, and Disorder'd by its maladies.

### St. VI.

1. They that wou'd see the Notional Doctrine of Vehicles, with their supposed Differences, according to the Vital Congruities of the Spirits to which they Belong, may Consult Dr. *More's Immortality of the Soul*. Book 3. Ch. 1.

### St. VII.

2. Since there is (as will afterwards be Hinted) a mutual attraction in all matter, the constant Elasticity of the Air seems yet unaccounted for. All the parts of matter (say our New Philosophers) have a tendency towards each other; And yet the Particles of Air (when Leave is given them, by withdrawing the Circumambient Air) fly from each other with such Violence as to break Metalline Vessels, and to take up many Hundred times the space, that ordinarily they Do.

3. Mr. Boyle tells us, there is always in the Air a Swarm of Steams moving in a Determinate Course  
betwixt



## NOTES

betwixt the North and South Pole; Discover'd by the Magnetism of the Earth. *Cosmic: Suspicions*, p. 4.

3. See Mr. Boyle's *Causes of the Salubrity and Insalubrity of the Air*. And Dr. Mead's *Account of Poysons*, Essay, 5.

4. Various Steams from the Planets may affect our Air, as well as Quantities of Opacous matter (some, it's suppos'd, as big as *Europe*) are said to be Vomited out by the Sun, which in their Diffusion may possibly reach our Atmosphere. *Cosmic: Suspic: p. 20.*

5. Essential Forms I say, rather than *Substantiak*. Those Substantial ones being in the Judgment of Great Philosophers (and even of Mr. Boyle Himself) injuriously imputed to *Aristotle*.

6. 'Tis suppos'd, that there are certain invariable Particles of matter, that are the first Principles and Ingredients of mixt Bodies; from the various Compositions and Complications of which arises all that Diversity we see in Natural Bodies; and from the Determinate Number and Nature of which Principles it comes to pass that no species of Natural Bodies are lost, and no new ones produc'd. See Dr. Grew's *Cosmolog. Sacr.* B. 1. Ch. 3. And Mr. Ray's *Wisdom of God in Creation*. p. 1.

7. The Philosopher, that said the Soul was *Har-*  
*mony*,

mony, wou'd much more say so of Vertuous Souls ; at least we may see (by the Nature and Effects of it) that Divine Grace carries a Celestial Attraction and Magnetism in it, while we read, *That the Multitude of them that Believed were of one Heart and of one Soul ; neither said any of them, that ought of the Things he possess'd, was his own, but they had all things Common. Acts 4. 32.* A Contrary Gravitation (viz. to Earth, and Earthly things) has drove that Heavenly one out of the World.

8. 'Twas long ago concluded that Love was an Establish'd Law in the Material, as well as in the Rational and Moral World ; Whence says Dr. S. Parker, *Atque aliquam ejusmodi Causam ( effectricem, Sct. quæ materiam in ordinem redegit) materiæ adjunxisse Dicuntur (Veteres Sct.) quod ad Rerum generationem Plerique aut Amorem, aut Amicitiam aut Concordiam adhibuerunt ; quibus, inquit, Vocibus, Causam quandam Architectricem, Poetarum more, intelligebant ; quæ materiam secum consensire, atque in hunc Universi Ordinem conspirare Effecit. Disput. De Deo. p. 377.* Whence perhaps it is, that *Lucretius* invokes *Venus* ( the known Mistress of Love ) as the inspirer of his Physical Poem.

*Quæ quoniam Rerum Naturam Sola gubernas,*

*Nec sine Te quicquam Dias in Luminis Oras*

*Motion*

*b*

*Exoritur,*



**Exoritur, neque sit Luctum, nec Amabile quicquam;  
Te Sociam studeo Scribundis Versibus esse ;** —

**Accordingly our Cowley celebrates Love as the Cause  
of this Compacted World.**

**What art thou, Love? thou great Mysterious Thing!**

**From what hid Stock does thy strange Nature spring?**

**David. 'Tis thou that mov'st the World thro' every part;**

**L. 2. And hold'st the Vast Frame close, that nothing Start**

**From the Due Place and Office first ordain'd,**

**By thee were all Things made, and are Sustain'd &c.**

**Yet never was this Law of Love so well evinc'd  
and establish'd as in the Newtonian Philosophy ; where  
a Fundamental Theorem and Principle is this, *Gravitatem in Universa Corpora fieri, Eamque Proportionalem esse  
Quantitati in singulis* That all Bodies have a Gravitating  
Tendency towards each other, and that, in proportion,  
to the Quantities of matter of which they consist. New-  
ton's Princip. Mathemat. L. 3. Prop. 7. From which  
Principle are strangely Deduc'd both all the Regular  
Motions**



Motions of the Heavenly Bodies (both Primary and Secondary) as also their Anomalies and Irregularities, caus'd by mutual Gravitations in their approaches to each other. Which Law of Gravitation (or Attraction, as others call it) seems a signal instance of Divine Wisdom and Power, and a Reproof to the moral World, that is no better acquainted with moral Gravitation, or Love.

Besides this Universal Gravitation, discover'd and prov'd by the Famous Sir *Isaac Newton*, the ingenious *Mr. John Keil* of *Oxford*, produces us another sort of Attraction (or an Attraction Govern'd by other Laws) discover'd by Him in the matter about this Globe, and Publish'd in the *Philosophical Transactions*, Num. 315. *Post variat sapient Experimenta*, says He, *matrice Terrestri inesse Deprehendi ovum quandam Attractionem, ex qua Phænomenorum Plurimum ratio petenda est. Itaque hæc de re cogitata, abhinc quinquennia, Domino Newtono indicavi; ex quo tunc intellexi, realiter fere, quæ ipse investigaveram, sibi diu ante animadversa fuisse.*

Now, least this Terrestrial Attraction should be deem'd but a Branch of that Universal one, that Sir *Isaac Newton* had before establish'd, He tells us how it differs from that. Particularly it differs from it on these two Accounts. 1. The Universal Gravitation is always proportionable to the Quantity of matter in the

the Gravitating Bodies. But this Terrestrial Gravitation or Attraction (Terrestrial I call it, because it is already found in Terrestrial matter; not but that perchance, it may be found in other Planetary matter, were there the same opportunity of Tryal) is not so. But proceeds rather according to the Quantity of Contact; so that the more Corpuscles touch each other, the greater is the Coherence; And the Remoter Corpuscles, even in the same Body, contribute little or nothing to the Cohesion. 2. The Universal Gravitation increases, as the Squares of the Distance Decrease; or Decreases as the Squares of Distance increase; but Terrestrial Gravitation decreases in more than a double proportion to the Distance increasing. So that the force of it reaches but a very little way. But can the Philosophical World forbear the Study of all those curious Theorems? But here's enough to show how vainly all the Cartesian and other Theorists attempted the Fabricating such a World as this, without the Notice of these Powers in Matter; and to show also how justly it may be said,

**This Whole World's Law and Life appears to Be**

**Nought else but Love and Harmonic.**

9. The Universal Gravitation is always proportionable to the Quantity of matter in the



9. 'Tis known to Naturalists, that the more Plain and Smooth Surfaces are, the more closely they cling together. Whence Polish'd Marbles, in *Vacuo*, or in an Exhausted Receiver, require a great Force to Seperate 'em. So that Corpuscles, that are terminated with plain Surfaces on all sides, will produce Bodies of the firmest Cohesion. Vide Dr. Cheyne's *Principles of Natural Religion*. Ch. 1. Sect. 44.

10. This odd Phenomenon you find in Dr. Moore's *Immortality of the Soul*, B. 3. Ch. 12. Where He imputes the working and fermenting of our Wines, at that Season, to Particles or *Effluvia*, that fly hither from the Vines growing in the *Canaries*, or in *Spain*. Which if true, is not a Solution of the Strange Appearance.

11. This Phenomenon of Linnen's more Easy quitting its Vegetable Dyes and Stains, at that Season of the Year, wherein those Vegetables flower, had scarce been taken Notice of, had it not been so by the Great Mr. Boyle, in his *Cosmical Suspicions*, p. 16.

12. Of this odd Appearance, see Boyle's *Cosm. Susic. p. (mibi) 17.*

13. Very intricate, till of late at least, have been the Phenomena of the Winds; but what account is now given



given of some Constant ones, by the Sun's Rarefying the Air, may be seen in Mr. Keil's *Examination of Burnet's Theory*. 5.

14. This Greek Phrase falling in so naturally here, and being so common an Adage for an unexpected Aid, or (as we say) a *Help at a Dead Lift*, I could scarce forbear to use it; Tho' how the Critic will bear it in an English Poem, I cannot tell; I suppose I must either Beg his Pardon, or abide his Censure, or desire him to Correct it.

15. Some of which Problems may be seen in the *Philosophical Transactions*. Num. 206. Others at the End of Sir *Isaac Newton's Book of Optics*.

16. 'Tis a Strange Discovery that Great Optician has made; 1. That some Rays of the Sun are otherwise Reflectible and Refrangible than others. 2. That Whiteness (that seems the most simple of all) is Compounded of all the Primary Colours mixt in their Due Proportions.

#### St. VIII.

1. Dr. Bentley had said in his Last Lecture, Preach'd on Mr. Boyle's Foundation, that because the Moon always shows us the same Face, therefore she does not wheel about

about her own Centre. This gave Mr. Keil occasion to Reply, *That 'tis Evident to any one that Thinks, that the Moon shews the same Face to us, for this very Reason, because she does turn once in the time of her Period, about her own Centre.* This is true. And the only Apology I can make for the Dr. is This. In the Moon (appearing suppose at Full) we may consider either those Edges that are at the Top, and at Bottom, which we may call *Zenith* and *Nadir*, or if you please, North and South; or those that are on the Right and Left Hand, as we view the Moon, and they may be call'd East and West.

I Write not for Philosophers, and therefore use the more Circumlocution; Now there may be conceived 2 Axes going thro' the Centre of the Moon; the one having its Poles in the North and South Edges of the Moon, or in its *Zenith* and *Nadir*; about that Axis the Moon must be supposed to Revolve once in the time of her Period; But now, I suppose the Dr. was thinking of that Axis that may be conceived to have its Poles in the Eastern and Western Edges or sides of the Moon; about which if it should Revolve, it would turn away its present Face from us. Therefore about that Axis, or about its Centre as penetrated by such an Axis, it does not once Revolve. See Mr. Keil's *Examination of Dr. Burnet's Theory*, p. 70.

2. In the Pacific Sea the Tides are greater than elsewhere, according to Sir *Isaac Newton's* Report of the



the Matter; *In mari autem Pacifico, quod profundius est et  
latius patet; æstus dicuntur esse majores quàm in Atlantico et  
Ethiopico, Princip. Mathem. P. 465.*

3. We are told, that by reason of the Sun's Agency  
upon the Moon (or the Moon's Gravitation towards  
the Sun) she neither describes the same sort of *Ellipse*,  
or the same Curve at all times, nor the same Area's at  
all equal times; So that much irregularity is found  
in her Motions; *Cheyne's Philosoph. Principles. Ch. 3.  
S. 16.*

4. *Cartes* says *Solem à flammâ differre, quod non illi  
egent alimento. Princip. part. 3. art. 22.*

5. It's probable, that the Sun was the most general  
Deity among the Poor, benighted Pagans; according  
to Dr. S. Parker's assertion, *Sic rude admodum olim Mar-  
tialium Genus, cum adverterent Solentissimam Universi Oeco-  
nomiam, proterus Opificem, qui illam condiderat investigatum  
arent. Sole autem cum nihil illustrius, nihil utilius reperirent,  
Eum proxime, tanquam rerum Omnium, tum Auctorem,  
tum Regem Salutant. Tentam. Physico. Theolog. Lib. 2.*

Cap. 11. But tho' they ador'd the Creature in stead of  
the Creator, nothing forbids us to consider it as a sort  
of Image and Substitute to the Great God, in Com-  
municating Light and Beneficence to the Planeta-  
ry System.

In the Pacific Sea the Tides are  
elsewhere, according to Sir Isaac Newton's Report of  
the



6. The Planets are wont to be call'd *Lictores Solis*; *Selden's Prolegom. De Dijs Syris.* whence it seems Condescension in him to turn Round his own Axis, in order to send out Kind influence as far as the Remotest of 'em. See Dr. *Cheyne's Philosoph. Principles*, Ch. 3. S. 21.

7. Sir *Isaac Newton* has shown that the Sun's Beams consist of Rays that are in themselves differently Reflectible and Refrangible; that on those different modes or degrees of Reflection and Refraction depends all the Diversity of Colour. *Optics*, p. 52. and 87. And Dr. *Cheyne's Principles*, Ch. 1. S. 39. I think misprinted for S. 40.

8. Dr. *Cheyne* shows from the same Great Optician, that all Bodies attract the Rayes of Light towards them in Lines perpendicular to their Surfaces. *Princip. Ch. 1. S. 42.*

9. Tho Bodies attract Rayes of Light, yet Sir *Isaac* seems to intimate (what seems strange) that the Rayes of Light, in their incidence, come not to the Bodies themselves, but begin to bend before they arrive at 'em. So that by their Bending they form a Curve Line, rather than a proper Angle. *Optics*, Q. 4. at the End.

10. Tho 'tis suppos'd that Sun-Beams are (many of 'em) attracted into and imprison'd in all Bodies, y<sup>e</sup> there is no sensible Diminution of his Bulk or influence. Whence Dr. *Cheyne* takes occasion to tell you, that a Body as big as the Sun may Constantly, for any finite Number of Years, send out Oceans of Streams, and yet the sum of 'em all be no greater than a Cubical inch, or even than a grain of Sand. *Philosoph. Princ.* Ch. 1. S. 42. But in an infinite Duration such a Body must needs be Exhausted. Whence Mr. *Keil* justly concludes that this World neither was, nor cou'd be from Eternity. *Lectioes Phys. Lect. 5*

11. Dr. *Cheyne* tells us, from Mr. *Romer*, that Light spends about ten Minutes in coming from the Sun to us. *Philosoph. Principles*, Ch. 1. S. 35. But Sir *Isaac Newton*, from the same Author, says, it spends about 7 or 8 Minutes in the same flight. Dr. *Cheyne's* Calculation, upon his own Supposition, is, that it flies at the rate of a Hundred and Thirty thousand Miles in the time of a second, or of one pulse of an Artery.

12. 'Tis justly reckon'd a piece of Divine Wisdom; so to have adapted the Rayes of Light, that in passing thro' different Mediums, they still take the shortest way (considering the Refracting Powers of the several Mediums) that can be, towards the point that is to be illuminated. See Dr. *Cheyne's Princ.* Ch. 3. S. 31.

13. 'Tis



13. 'Tis suppos'd, that because of the Attraction of Light by and towards Bodies, that therefore it moves faster in Body, than in *Vacuo*. *Newton's Optics*, B. 2. prop. 10. *Cheyne's Principles*, Ch. 1. S. 41.

14. The Planets are suppos'd to be the Denser, the nearer they are (one than the other) to the Sun. Thence says the Great Philosopher, *Collocavit ergo Deus Planetas in Diversis Distantijs a Sole, ut quilibet pro gradu Densitatis calore Solis majore vel minore fruatur*. So near then is *Mercury* to the Sun, that he adds, *Aqua nostra, si in Orbe Mercurij locaretur, in Vapores statim abiret*. *Princip. Mathemat.* p. 415. And yet that Dense Planet has got the Volatile Name, *Mercury*.

15. Monsieur *Huygens* says thus concerning *Venus*, I have often wondred, that, when I have view'd *Venus* at her nearest to the Earth, when she Resembled an Half-Moon, just beginning to have something like Horns, thro' a Telescope of 45, or 60 Foot long, she always appear'd to me all over Equally Lacid; that I can't say I observ'd so much as one Spot in her, tho' in *Jupiter* and *Mars*, which seem much less to us, they are plainly perceived. *Huygen's Conjectures concerning the Planetary Worlds*; B. 2. in *Venus*.

16. Whence *Kepler* cries out, *O vere auream Venerem!*  
*Quisquamne dubitabit amplius totum Veneris Globum ex*  
 puro



*puro puro auro politissime fabrefactum, cujus in sole posita Superficies aëre vegetum revolvat Splendorem? In Dioptricæ Prefat.* usually joyn'd with Gassendus's Astronomy.

17. Huygens Argues, that since Venus, shines so Gloriously to us, she must afford to the Inhabitants of Mercury (if such there are) tho' so much nearer to the Sun, Light so strong and bright, they need not Complain of their want of a Moon. *Conjectures &c.* B. 2. In Mercury. The Planets are reckon'd to move the faster, the nearer they are to the Sun; Thence Mercury is here call'd the Nimble-footed Harbinger; and as being Caduceifer also among the Poetical Deities.

18. Mars is judg'd less than Venus, and than our Earth too. The Proportion of their Diameters may be seen in Whiston's Theory, Lemma 34.

19. Mars has no Moon. His Light and Heat are computed to be twice, and sometimes three times less than ours. *Conjectures &c.* B. 2. in Mars.

20. Saturn is reckon'd so much less than Jupiter, that the Diameter of Saturn is computed to be 43925 Miles; that of Jupiter 82522 Miles; Whiston's Lemma, 34.

21. As 'tis with us, where a Divine Covenant (or Establishment) is sign'd by the Bow in the Clouds.

See

*Saturn's Ring* may be to the Inhabitants (if such there are) towards the Poles, as a visible Horizon. See the Form of it in *Huygens's Conjectures*.

22. *Saturn's Ring* is found, by some Spots upon it, to Turn Round the Planet, by a Motion of its own. It is suppos'd to be seen continually, from the Greatest part of *Saturn*, for 14 Years and 9 Months together, which is just half their Year. The other half Year it is hid from sight, by its interposure between the Inhabitants and the Sun.

23. The inside of the Ring, next to the Planet, is said to be much Brighter than the outside; 'Tis possible, it may Reflect Light from the inside. And yet a certain Zone of *Saturn* will be depriv'd of the Sight both of the Ring and of the Sun for a considerable time. An Amazing thing (says Monsieur *Huygens*) all of a Sudden to have the Sun Darkned, without seeing any Cause of such an Accident. *Conjectures &c. B. 2. in Saturn.*

24. 'Tis a pretty Conjecture of Dr. *Cbeynes*, that one Use of *Saturn's Ring* (as also of the *Satellites*) may be to preserve the Fluids in Motion, and to secure 'em from Freezing by the Constant Cold there. *Philos. Princip. Ch. 3. S. 32.*



25. It may be Conjectur'd, that all *Saturn's Satellites* are not yet discover'd, since there is such a Disproportion'd Distance betwixt the 4th and 5th, as may be seen in *Huygen's* Draught of 'em.

26. See an Orbit of the Comets in the Solar System set at the beginning of Mr. *Whiston's* Theory. And his *Lemma*, 46th.

27. Dr. *Gheyne* having hinted that possibly the Comets may be the Habitation of Delinquents in a state of Punishment, 'twas easy thence to imagine them so many Travelling Prisons, to give notice of a Divine Nemesis, to the several Worlds thro' which they pass. *Philosoph. Princ.* Ch. 3. S. 18.

28. 'Tis currant Philosophy now, that the vast Spaces between and beyond the Planets (including with them their Atmospheres) are not full of *Ethereal* and Subtil matter, as use to be suppos'd; but are either perfectly, or at least sensibly a pure and proper *Vacuum*; *Whiston's* Theory, Corollary to *Lemma*, 63. The Prime Philosopher's Expression is, *Si ascendatur in Caelos ubi pondus Medij, in quo Planetæ moventur, Diminuitur in immensum, Resistentia prope cessabit. Princip. Mathem. p. 417.* It may well be said, *Diminuitur in immensum*, if Dr. *Bentley's* Computation shou'd hold, who Computes, that if a Globe of our Atmospherical Air (of one inch Diameter)



Diameter) were rarefyed to the fineness and Subtlety of the Regions above Saturn (as I Remember, if not of Regions Below) it wou'd fill the whole *Orbis Magnus*.

29. The Curious adjusting of Projectile Motion (or Centrifugal force) with Centripetal Power (or Gravity) from whence so many *Phænomena* of Nature are accounted for, may be seen in *Whiston's Theory*, *Lemma* 16. And *Keil's Examination of Burnet's Theory* Ch. 6.

30. I am come to Tell Thee, that there is a God, and a very just and Terrible one too, said the Major's Spectrum to his Confederate, Captain Dyke. A Story, which, besides *Glanvill's* Report of it, is so many other ways Derived from the Caprain himself, (who still attested it, and stood in Awe of the Remembrance of it) that no matter of Fact, of which he himself alone was Eye and Ear witness, can be better attested. But because there are many Spurious Stories of this Nature, and many are thereupon absolutely incredulous about All: I wou'd only ask the incredulous, what Respect they will please to pay to the Honourable *Boyle's* Testimony, and to the Reports that *Physicians* (who are wont, in this matter, to be as Sceptical as any) as well as others, made to him concerning the Issue of their own Scepticism. Now says that Excellent Person,

Person, The Souls of inquisitive Men are Commonly so  
 Carious to learn the Nature and Condition of Spirits, as that  
 the Over-Greedy desire to discover so much, as that there are  
 other Spiritual Substances besides the Souls of Men, has pre-  
 vail'd with too many to try forbidden ways for attaining Sa-  
 tisfaction; and many have chosen rather to venture the  
 putting themselves within the Power of Demons, than remain  
 ignorant, whether or no there are any such Beings. As I have  
 learn'd by the private Acknowledgments made me of such  
 Unhappy (tho not Unsuccessful) Attempts, by Divers  
 Learned Men (both of other Professions and that of Physic)  
 who themselves made them in different places, and were  
 Persons neither Timorous nor Superstitious. Excellency of The-  
 ology. p. 3. The Confessions that were also volunta-  
 rily made to Dr. H. More, may hereafter be Reported  
 To all which, and many more Credibilities, that  
 may be produc'd, nothing can be oppos'd but an ob-  
 stinate Denyal, and that, usually made by those whose  
 sorrowfull interest it is, that there shou'd be no other  
 World, and no invible Powers waiting for our Arri-  
 val among them.

31. Attending to Virgins Description of Fame;  
 Cui quot sunt Corpore Pluma,  
 Tot vigiles Oculi luter, (mirabile Dictu)  
 Tollitur, totidem Ora Sonant, tot Subrigit aures

32. It must pass now for Demonstrated Philosophy (tho I think, none of the *Phænomena* of Nature necessarily require it, tho incomprehensible Subtleties are produc'd) that matter is Divisible *in infinitum*; of which see Mr. *Keil's introductio in Veram Physicam*. Yet the Arguments seem so strong on the other Hand, and so little less than Demonstrative, that they seem to hold Mr. *Boyle*, and other Great Philosophers in Suspence and undetermin'd upon the Question. And I remember I have heard an Old Scholastical Disputant Jocularly say, He wou'd Dispute the *Devil* upon that Question, let him take which side he wou'd. It need not seem strange then, if the Difficulties on both sides are suppos'd such, as may, in some measure, grovel the Angelical Acumen, as I think, some Philosophers have been ready to suppose they are.

33. If you wou'd consider the vast Bulks of Matter in our System, see the Computed Diameters and Densities of the Sun and Planets in Mr. *Whiston's Theory*, *Lemmata*, 33. 34. 36. If you wou'd consider the Incomprehensible Minuteness and Subtleties of matter, see *Leeuwenhoek*, who will tell ye, that if a small Grain of Sand were Divided into a Thousand Millions of parts, and one of those parts divided into a Thousand Millions more, yet they wou'd be too big for the small Particles of Water that are still round, and flexible and



variable into several Figures. Who will tell ye too, that not only each Grain of *Wheat*, but each little Globule (of which sort there are many Millions in each Grain) does Contain a different suitable Matter, for Composing Flesh and Bones, and Fat, and Hair and Nails, and the several parts of Humane Body. Who will tell ye too, of Animals so small, that a Thousand Millions of 'em will but Equalize the Bulk of one Grain of Sand. *Anatom. seu interiora Rerum*, Ep. 1.

Or go to Mr. *Keils Introductio ad Ver. Phys.* Who will tell ye, That there are *Animals* so small, that if you Compare them with the Biggest *Animals*, as suppose with *Whales* in the Ocean, they will be found much more disproportion'd to those *Whales*, than those *Whales* are (viz. each of 'em) to the Whole Globe of the Earth. Yea, he'll tell ye, that what some *Philosophers* have fancied about Spirits, may be actually true concerning these Diminutive *Animals*; viz. that many Thousands of 'em may frisk and dance upon the point of a Needle. Thence how small must the Globules of Blood be that Swim in the Vessels of these *Animals*? Why? the same Author computes, that ten Thousand, two Hundred and fifty six Mountains, as big as the Biggest the Earth bears, do not contain so many Grains of Sand, as one Grain of Sand (i. e. the quantity of it) contains Globules of such Blood that Runs

in the Vessels of those *Animals*. But this is not all, He is ready to suppose, that there are Particles of Matter (and particularly, that those of Light are such) that are as much less than those Globules, as those Globules are less than Mountains, or less, each of 'em, than the Bulk of the whole Earth. But the subtlety of Matter outreaches the Comprehension of the Mind, altho' it shou'd not run to such Extream Minuteneesses, as are there represented, *Lect. 5.*

34. Heat is suppos'd to Consist in a Vibrating Motion: And Light is suppos'd to be thrown out of the Sun and Stars, by the vibrating Motion of their parts. *Cheyne's Princ. Ch. 1. S. 38.*

35. 'Tis known that Sir *Isaac Newton* has broke to pieces all the *Cartesian Vortices*, *Princ. Mathem. p. 405.* Where after a pretty Easy Demonstration he Concludes, *Igitur Hypothesis Vorticum cum Phænomenis Astronomicis omnino pugnat; et non tam ad Explicandos, quam ad perturbandos motus caelestes conducit.* Whence one wou'd pity the World, that is so oft Cheated by false Philosophies, and seduc'd by them, to the Denyal and Refusal of many Theological Truths.

36. 'Tis Strange, that such an agreeable Principle, as that of Universal Gravitation (it being so Rational, that Substance Congenial, or Congenerous and Similar,

Similar, shou'd cleave together, or have an aggregative Power) and which seems Confirm'd by so many *Phænomena*, shou'd lie hid so long, tho perhaps some Semblances of it may be found among the Ancients; 'tis Surprizing to consider its fertility, and how many Appearances are solv'd by it, especially in Conjunction with prejectile Motion. But yet these Two will not suffice for the Production of this World. Some Conditions (says Dr. *Cheyne*) must, in several Cases, be added to the Universal Law of Gravitation. And by none of the known Laws of Motion was the Number, Magnitudes, Distances of the fixt Stars Determin'd, or were the Figures, Number, Densities, mutual Gravitations, Situations and Orders of the Planets adjusted.

37. Tho our Moderns have made Eminent Advancements in Philosophy, yet it may justly be suppos'd, they are far from Perfection; More Mysteries in Nature may in Time, be Discover'd, which then will more properly be call'd *Phænomena*; and when they are discover'd, will doubtless want their Due Solutions; and those Solutions, perhaps, may never be given while the World stands. Whence says Dr. *Cheyne*, it's plain the Moon was design'd to Disturb the Motions of our Earth, for purposes, we may, or may never, come to Discover. *Princ.* Ch. 3. S. 32.

And



And Mr. Boyle says, He knows not but future Discoveries by improv'd Telescopes and other Philosophical Instruments, may oblige us to make Changes in the Grand System of the Universe it self; and in that which we consider as the most Important of the Mundane Bodies to us, the Terraqueous Globe.

*Cosmic. Suspicions. p. 9.*

And Mr. Keil speaking of the immense Subtlety of the particles of Light, Intimates, that we shall not comprehend it, till we come to Heaven (if ever we shall come there. O that such Curiosity may instigate Philosophers to Study and take the Appointed way of coming thither!) *Quarum Subtilitatem animus Humanus nunquam forte nisi post adeptam in cælis Perfectionem, assequetur. Lett. 5.* So that an Happy Death will make us great Philosophers. And He will then bring Philosophy to Light, that hath now brought Life and Immortality to Light by his Gospel.

38. The Story of Ficinus, a Florentine Philosopher, appearing after his Death, to his Friend Michael Mercatus, to Confirm the Truth of what they had formerly Discours'd concerning the Immortality of the Soul, is Related by many; particularly by Dr. H. More in his *Immortality of the Soul*, B. 2. Ch. 16.

1. Rom. 8. 20. 21.

2. 'Tis, I suppose, impossible now to know what are the Deviations of the Laws and Course of Nature from the Original Institution in the six Days of Creation. Doubtless considerable alteration there is, since Sin entered into the World, and is there to be Chastiz'd. Mr. Boyle thinks he observes great Irregularities in Nature. I doubt, thereupon says He, Those that are thought the Grand Rules, whereby Things Corporeal are Transacted, and which suppose the Constancy of the present Fabric of the World, and Course of Things, are not altogether so uniformly comply'd with, as we are wont to presume. For what Reason the Wise Author of Nature pleas'd to permit, that it shou'd be sometimes, as it were Overrul'd by the Boisterousness (if I may so call it) and Exorbitant Motions of Unruly Portions of Matter, I must not, says He, in this place Enquire. Cosmic. Suspicion. p. 19.

Mr. Whiston is ready to suppose, That tho' the Annual Motion of the Earth commenc'd at the Beginning of the Mosaic Creation, yet the Diurnal Rotation did

did not but upon the Fall of Man. *Theory. Hypoth.* 3. Now: how many alterations in the Course of Nature must ensue upon that Commencement? and how many New Phenomena must thence arise? *The Satellits of the several Planets*, says Dr. Cheyne, *Suffer many and various Disturbances in their Motions, from the Sun; As also the Primary Planets suffer likewise from the forces of the Sun and the Secondary Planets. Philosoph. Princ. Ch. 3. S. 16.* And in §. 19. speaking of the Earth's changing the Place of her Perihelium, he says it's a Question, whether these Irregularities were any part of the first Contrivance of this Universe. Intimating, that possibly some Variation may now be made from the first Contrivance and Institution of this Universe.

And certainly 'tis but just and Rational to suppose the Course of the Natural World, when the Moral one is Depraved, is, in some measure, alter'd from what it was, when the Moral World stood innocent and pure. As the Body of Man, amidst its Numerous Infirmities, discovers Wisdom, and Justice; So may the Heavens too (or Heavenly Bodies) design'd now to be Executors of Divine Justice, as well as Administrators of Mercy. So that we are to Consider now the Reasons there are for such a Change of some Laws and Motions. 1. 'Tis meet that those Heavens, that call us to Contemplate the Glory of God, shou'd lead us to consider, among other portions of his Glory, the Intimations



Intimations that are given of a Holy Righteousness & Displeasure there. Since He that orders all things *pendere, numero, et mensura*, has settled such Rules in the Heavenly Motions, as will infer Disorder, Evil and Calamity here Below. Evil and Calamity, Inflicted by Heaven, must be by way of Penalty; Penalty must suppose Transgression and Demerit. And so the Irregularities of Heaven, (where all Beauty and Harmonie shou'd most eminently dwell) must Summon Man to Reflect on the Moral Enormities of Earth.

2. Primitive Curse is still to be Executed, according to which the Ground is Cursed for Mans sake; and Man is Doom'd, by one means or other, to be brought down to the Dust again.

3. Nations and Public Societies have their National and Social Sins, which, upon some obstinate Continuance, and upon certain Aggravations, grow Ripe for Exemplary Punishment, and are in this Life (or in the view of this World) to be conspicuously punished, since, in the other such Communities cease. That God therefore, that foresaw the Periods, in which such Crimes wou'd be Ripe for deserv'd Executions of Justice, so order'd the Periodical Motions of the Heavenly Bodies, that in just Seasons, they shou'd occasion such Excessive Heats, Rains, and Disorders in our Air, as shou'd draw after them Pestilencies or other Epidemic Diseases, Droughts, Famines, and Deinges,

## NOTES.

Deluges, and other Public Demonstrations of Divine Displeasure. As, in Case the Universal Deluge were effected (as Mr. *Whiston* supposes) by the Intervention of a Comet, yet the Comets approach and efficacy was fore-adjusted and Determin'd to take place, when the Sin of the Earth was full, and Demanded Divine Severity. And so the same Comet might both Prognosticate impending Evil and Instrumentally Effect it.

4. Amidst the Irregularities and Enormities that appear in the Mundane System, the Regularity, Constancy and Order that shines there, is render'd the more Illustrious; and the more strange and Remarkable it is made, that the whole Fabric by this time is not Hurried and Hurl'd into Confusion. There is one that Presides over the Boisterousness of Matter (as Mr. *Boyle* calls it) and says to all the Irregularities & Disorders there, so far shall ye go and no further. Tho' some Impious Minds, perhaps, may take occasion from those appearing Irregularities, to be Confirm'd in Impiety, and to ascribe the whole to Inconsiderate Mechanism and Chance.

12. Alluding to that of *Virgil*,

Animæ, quibus altera fato

Corpora debentur, Lethæi ad fluminis undam

Securos Latices et Longa oblivia potant.

h

4. Such.

4. Such notion, I suppose, the Divine Herbert intended in that somewhat abstruse Verse of His in his *Providence*;

Thy Creatures leap not, but express a Feast,  
Where all the Guests sit close, and nothing wants;  
Frogs marry Fish & Flesh, Bats, Bird & Beast,

Sponges Non-sense, & sense; Mines, the Earth & Plants.

*Thy Creatures leap not*; i. e. They rise not one above another, in their several Species, or Specific Natures, *per Saltum*; or by Leaving any Considerable *hiatus*, or *chasm*, or gap between the several Species; the Intermediate Species still partake the Nature of the Higher and the Lower, and so, therein, Unite both together. Let the Naturalists Consider, whether this may not be a Reason, why there are so many different Species in the World; of some of which we see little or no necessity or use. There is to be but a small difference in the Rise of one Species above another. And so Divine Wisdom is Illustrated.

-----But express a Feast; Where all the Guests sit close, and nothing wants. Thy Creatures, in the Constitution of their specific Natures, are Link'd together, like Guests close Planted at a Table, where they all touch each other,



other, or the Arm of one is inserted within that of his Neighbour, and so there remains no Vacancy or Distance between 'em.

*Frogs marry Fish and Flesh,-----* The Frog is an Amphibious Animal; in somewhat partaking of Fish, in somewhat of Flesh; *Bats, Bird and Beast*. It has been a Question, whether the Leathern Bat (as 'tis call'd) be to be annumber'd among Birds or Beasts, 'tis so near akin to either. *Sponges, Non sense and Sense*; The Sponge has been reckon'd a sensible Plant; see *Grew's Museum Societat. Regal. p. 252. Mines, the Earth, and Plants*. Minerals look like middle Natures betwixt common Earth and Vegetables; All which is well Represented in *Dillingham's Translation*;

Non faciunt saltum, quæ Tu, Bone, cunqæ creâsti,  
Quin Epulum referunt, ubi ab hospite proximus hospes  
Accubat, inque vicem tangunt, sesequeprehendunt;

Carnea sic ranæ Amphibiæ, Piscesque maritant;  
Quadrupedem ac Volucrum quibus est a vespere Nomen;  
Spongia quod sentit, sensuque carentia jungit,

Tellurem ac Plantas sociant Ramosa Metalla.

*To all which may be added,*  
Angelicam, Brutamque Hominis Natura Maritat.  
5. This

5. This is one of the strange *Phænomena* belonging to *Spectrums* or Apparitions, that they or the Spirits therein, can so easily alter, temper and modify that System of Matter, they have assum'd in order to render themselves visible; propos'd therefore in a Question, by Dr. More to Des Cartes for his Consideration; *Quomodo Sagarum Spiritus, quos vocant, Familiares, Materialiam tam apte sibi adaptant atque constringunt?* for the Truth of which He Alledges many Spontaneous Confessions made to himself; *Hoc autem fieri non solum Vetrulæ sed Juvenes Sagæ, nullâ vi Coactæ, Sponte mihi fassæ sunt non paucæ. Epist. 2. ad Renat. Cartes.* These Confessions will be impetuoussly deny'd and refus'd by those that are resolv'd to believe no Reports of that Nature; But of them it may be ask'd, How come so many to agree in the same Confessions? so many of different Ages, of the two different Sexes, of different Interests, Occupations, Capacities, Climates and Countries? So many in Great Britain, in Swedeland, Germany, France, Swiss-Cantons, New-England &c.? So many, that by their Confessions, lost their Names, their Liberties and Lives? So many, that made their Confessions, to Divines, to Gentlemen, Lawyers, and Judges, tho' thereby, they knew they hazarded the Loss of all they had in the World? Cou'd any thing but Truth prompt them to this? To those that cry that the Supposition of such Entercourse or Contract with

with such Familiar or Familiariz'd Spirits, is an Impeachment of the Divine Providence, these Considerations may be propos'd.

1. That there are such depths in the Divine Providence, which they cannot Solve; and the Solution of which must be Reserv'd for the Day of the Revelation of the Righteous Judgment of God.

2. Was it any Impeachment of the Divine Providence, that Innocent Man shou'd be left to himself, and to the Suggestions and Eventual Conquest of the Prince of Darkness?

3. Is it any Impeachment to the Divine Providence; that the Nations of the World were so long and so Universally Deliver'd up to the Worship of Idolls, & to the greatest Idolatry, unto which also they were led by the Powers of Hell?

4. Is it any Impeachment to the same Providence, that in Christian Countries so many are Deliver'd up to those Sins and Lusts, that please the Devil, and do effectually carry the Comitters of 'em down to the Devil's Territories?

5. Are not Persons (in Christian Countries especially) taught to Pray, *Lead us not into Temptation, Deliver us from Evil*, and particularly from the Evil one? Is it unjust then that they that will not so Pray, (and perhaps never Solemnly, and Seriously so pray'd in their Lives) shou'd be Resign'd to the Power of  
 i Him,



Him, against whom they wou'd not Pray?

6. Is it unjust, that some deeply deprav'd Souls, that by Envy, Hatred, Malice and other Devilish Passions have made themselves unfit for Heaven and Blessedness there, shou'd be Surrendred to the Power of Him, whose Image they have Eminently Contracted? But, alas! how little do such Objectors consider, what is the Wages of Sin, and who has the Power of Death?

6. Revel. 20. 11. Whence says Mr. Whiston, *At the Final Judgment and Consummation of all Things, the Earth will Desert its present Seat and Station in the World, and be no longer found among the Planetary Chorus. Theory, Phænomen. 100.* Tho' what will become of it then, in neither place are we told.

7. Revel. 7. 11. 12.

St. 10.

1. It may not seem Unsutable, to Return Thanks for an Interment, if we consider the Surviving affection on the Departed Spirit is generally suppos'd to bear to the Body; and how Earnestly thereupon, *Palinurus*, among the Deceased Shades, is Represented, by the Poet, begging a Sepulchre of *Æneas*,

Quod

Quod Te per cæli jucundam Lumen et Auras,

Per Genitorem oro, per Spem Surgentis Juli,

Eripe me his, invicte, malis, aut tu quoque terram

Injice.

And Dr. *More* tells us a Story of a Grateful Ghost that in Requital to *Simonides*, that Buryed his Body, warn'd Him of the Danger of his intended Voyage, and so sav'd his Life. *Immort.* Lib. 2. Ch. 16.

2. It is not Easy to Determine what parts or Vessels of the Body are design'd by some of those Names that are given 'em by *Solomon*, which tho' in themselves allusive and Metaphorical, as the *Silver Cord*, the *Golden Bowl*, the *Pitcher and Cistern*, were doubtless as Common and Familiar, among the *Hebrew Anatomists*, as such Names, as *Pia* and *Dura Mater*, the *Pylorus* and the *Porta*, are among ours. But want of Books in *Hebrew Anatomy* must make us at a loss for Application of their Names, as well as want of Books in our Anatomy, wou'd leave them Room enough to guess what we cou'd mean by the Figurative Names just now mention'd.

*Eccles.* 12. 3. *When the Keepers of the House shall Tremble.* The Keepers of the House, or Guards that stand Sentinel, are suppos'd to be the Arms consisting of the Shoulders, Elbows, Hands. These upon Death, do  
not

not tremble, but fall useless, Motionless. So the word must be often alter'd from what it is, when the Decay and Decrepitness is only intimated.

3. *The Strong Men shall Bow themselves.* These are suppos'd to be the Back, the Thighs, the Legs and Ankles, the Joints and Muscles that support the Bulk of the Body.

4. *The Grinders shall cease.* Suppos'd to be the Teeth. Thereupon the whole Mouth may be compar'd to a Mill.

5. *Those that look out of the Windows be Darkned.* Whether the Animal Spirits be here intended, as Looking out of the Eye, or the Globe of the Eye, as Looking out of its Socket, yet something of that Organ is here usually understood.

6. *The Doors shall be shut in the Street.* Some by the Doors mean the Sensories, others the Lips, as the Doors of the Mouth. *Hebr.* The Doors in or with the Street shall be shut. Possibly the *Primæ Viæ* may be intended. The Great Passage thro' the Body and all the Avenues of it shall be stop't and obstructed. Some passages have their Valves, others their Sphincters; What of these may be intended, is hard to say.



7. *All the Daughters of Music shall be brought Low.* The Daughters of Music, may be either the Receivers of Music; the Auditory Organ; or makers of Music, the Organs of Melody; So I am willing to understand 'em here.

8. *Desire shall Fail.* All Appetites, and Inclinations, Natural and Contracted, are then Extinguish'd.

9. *Or ever the Silver Cord be Loos'd.* Suppos'd to be the *Medulla Spinalis*, that runs down the Back-Bone, and Distributes nerves about the Ribs and other parts of the Body.

10. *Or the Golden Bowl be Broken.* If the Vessel here be Denominated *Golden* from the Colour of its Liquor, sowewhat may be said for understanding either the Urinary Bladder, or the Gall-Bladder, But I take it, as usual, for the *Pia or Dura Mater*.

11. *Or the Pitcher be Broken at the Fountain.* I am willing to take the common Interpretation here, That the Fountain is the Heart; But that the *Pitcher* should be the *Vein* that fills the Heart (and so the Pitcher should fill the Fountain) seems neither so proper, nor so probable; I therefore rather take the Great Artery (or *Aorta*) to be the Pitcher, which (as Dr. Keil reckons), is Loaded every Hour with four Thousand Ounces of Blood pour'd out of the Heart. *Animal Secret.* p. 47.

12. *Or the Wheel Broken at the Cistern.* This seems the most Difficult Passage of all. That (according to Dr. Smith, the Great Interpreter of this Chapter, who hence concludes, That Solomon was acquainted with the Circulation of the Blood) The Fountain and Cistern shou'd be but parts of the same Vessel; the one the Right, and the other, the Left Ventricle of the Heart, seems to me not so probable. That the Wheel shou'd be the *Aorta*, seems as improbable. As much may be said, for ought I know, for supposing the Lungs to be the Wheel, which are so continually impell'd to and fro by the Air, and have such an Office in the Circulation; And to which and thro' which the *Arteria pulmonalis* (as a Cistern) conveys the Blood and Refunds it again into the Heart. Or somewhat may be said for the *Dura Mater's* being the Wheel, which (according to Baglivi's Doctrine) is the *Primum Mobile* in the Humane Machin, has a Natural Pulsation, upon which also Depends the Pulsation of the Heart, and Consequently the whole Circulation. Which seems Confirm'd by Dr. Keil, when he says, *Therefore the Pulse in the Arteries of the Brain, must be very Languid or none at all, upon which account the Motion of the Spirits must Cease, and Consequently that of the Heart.* *Animal Secret.* p. 93. And then, if the *Dura Mater* be the Wheel, the Brain may be the Cistern, as being the Great Canal of the Animal Spirits (or Nervous Fluid) sent thence  
into

into all the Body. And now something may be said for the Spleen's being the Cistern, since the Discovery the Ingenious Dr. Keil has made of its use and Officæ. For, says He, *How must the Velocity of the Rest of the Blood (to which the Intestine Motion is always proportional) be Abated? Nature has here another Extraordinary Contrivance; She Empties the Blood entirely out of the Vessels into a Large Spongy Bowel, or rather Cistern, provided for that intent and purpose. Which, with Him, is the Spleen. But I fear, the most Ingenious Application that can here be made, will be but the most Ingenious Conjecture.*

13. Some Vessels belonging to the Body are incredibly small, and platted together and interwoven in curious Works. The Glands are found to be nothing but a Clew or Skain of most fine and slender Pipes variously Roll'd and Folded together. The Lungs and Liver consist of Bunches of small Bladders, overlaid with Blood-Vessels, woven into admirable Network. *Leewwenhoeck* takes the Brain (which to us seems a Mass of Thicker Jelly) to be a strange Complication of most fine Vessels into Diverse Cells and Figures for Diverse uses. The Coats of Vessels are now suppos'd to be but other Vessels curiously contorted and hang'd together; and those Vessels to be made of others so Complicated and Twisted; and those of others and so on, we know not how far.

Thus



# NOTES

Thus has it been long ago said, That we are  
 Fearfully and Wonderfully made; but certainly ne-  
 ver so fully Demonstrated to the World as now.  
 Therefore to this Great Architect of the Body, and  
 to the Former of the yet more Mysterious Spirit  
 of Man within Him; be Glory and Dominion for  
 ever and ever. Amen.

But the most ingenious Con-  
 sideration that can here be made, will be  
 Which, within Him, is the Spirit. But I fear, the most  
 Honour, or rather Office, provided for that intent and purpose.  
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 to be connected and Twisted; and those of others not  
 to be known not how far.